

# THE MONTH

*A Catholic Magazine and Review.*

APRIL, 1884.

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IT is with great satisfaction that we see the Life of Mr. Hope-Scott at last before the public. The author—or editor, for he has discharged, to a certain extent, the functions of both—has done his task very well. The book is eminently readable. Apart from the interest which must belong to any biography of a character such as Mr. Hope-Scott, it will have much incidental attraction to general readers on account of the light which it throws on the Tractarian movement, and also on account of the many letters and papers from distinguished men which are inserted in its pages. The Tractarian movement is now becoming matter of history, and the more well-written biographies of distinguished actors in that movement that we have, the better is our chance of seeing it well understood by our fellow-countrymen. We have already some valuable contributions to our stock of memoirs, but there is room for many more. The movement of which we speak certainly deserves a history, and it is only too likely that the history may some day be written from too partisan a stand-point. The multitude of monographs on such lives as that of Mr. Hope-Scott will tend to obviate this evil. Then, again, the men of that generation had many great advantages, and they had among them many very distinguished persons. They came into public life, whether in Church or in State, at a time of awakening and renovation. The best elements of English national life were called into play by the excitements, and even the dangers, of that era of Catholic Emancipation, of the second French Revolution, and of Parliamentary Reform. England has no reason to be ashamed of the men of that time. There was in them great uprightness of character, much zeal for the public good, great honesty, and, in many respects, quite exceptional ability. On such a generation came the Providential arousing of the Catholic instincts and traditions, which had never been entirely extinct in the Anglican community, leading to a movement of singular

power, developed at the very centre and heart of intelligence at the University of Oxford, and guided by the influence of a master mind, one of the greatest of all historical Englishmen—a man whose honour and estimation will only be increased by every fresh ray of light which is shed on the annals of his time.

Mr. Hope-Scott, apart from the interest of his own career, has that claim on our attention which consists in his having possessed, what Pindar wished for himself, the friendship and confidence of the best men of his time. The pages of his biography are studded with letters from the present Cardinal Newman and from Mr. Gladstone. No biography of an Oxford man of his generation can help paying its tribute to the pre-eminence of such names. But, in his case, we find him at once, not only a friend of such men, but a confidential adviser. He was much younger than either the Cardinal or the Premier. He had been at Eton and at Christ Church with Mr. Gladstone—but he did not become his friend till after the University career of each, in the ordinary sense, had closed. Mr. Newman he came to know, at his own desire, still later.

He was one of those men who may be called "slow-flowering plants," and he did not come to maturity in time to be a distinguished scholar at Eton, or at Oxford as an undergraduate. In the present days of high pressure of every kind, it is highly probable that he would never be elected a Fellow of Merton. Yet he would probably have been as serviceable a Fellow as Merton ever had since the Reformation, if it had not been for the fact that he soon began to find out how impossible it was, under the conditions of the Anglican usurpation, to carry the statutes into effect. He had an illness in early life, which left behind it, as a permanent legacy, a certain lassitude and reluctance to exertion, which it required much effort to overcome, and an immense prostration after exertion. Mr. Badeley was probably right in saying that he had, perhaps, some natural disinclination to prolonged and persevering work in one settled direction. But, if this was so, he often overcame nature in this respect. He had that peculiar charm of character which secured to him, at once and everywhere, a kind of instinctive homage. His mind was always high, his conduct pure, his aims above the common attraction of ordinary success. From the first, he manifested charity and self-devotion in no common degree. His friends loved him and revered him at once, and his judgment was sought as that of a

strong clear mind, superior to prejudice, indifferent to the world—in which he could have succeeded even better than he did—and, above all, high principled, chivalrous, and deeply religious. Considering these features in his character, we can hardly be sorry that he was not mixed up with the inevitable drudgeries and compromises and pettinesses of political life, although he would certainly have made himself a considerable name if he had entered Parliament, and although, if he had sat there as a Catholic, he might have given to the Church a representative of her principles such as she has never had of late years in England.

There are sufficient traces, in the scanty notices which alone remain to us of the early years of Mr. Hope, that he was, even as a boy, of distinguished promise. He went late to Eton, at the age of thirteen, but he was "placed" as high as he could be placed, and took a "double remove" into the Fifth Form within a few months after his entrance. He was "sent up" for good, as it seems, about every half-year—a great deal for those days—and these facts will show, to the initiated, that he was among the most promising boys of his standing. A boy of sixteen, to whom his tutor could set as a holiday task "to read with great care the Book of Job, and the Acts of the Apostles, the Frogs of Aristophanes, to put the first twenty-three chapters of Thucydides into question and answer with great care, to draw out a short but careful chronological parallel of the histories of Greece and Rome (and, if he chooses, the Jews) down to the taking of Corinth by Mummius," and also, if possible, "to get his elder brother to examine him in the *Æschylus* and *Sophocles* he has done during the last ten weeks in private business, as also the grammatical and historical questions he has answered"—could hardly be very backward. In truth, it seems that then, as in after life, he had an immense facility, and that he required discipline and severe accuracy to prevent him falling into the fatal snare of superficiality. Later on, the verses which Mr. Ornsby gives as written by him while at Christ Church, as well as his letters, show him to have been a young man of abilities equal to any distinction, if he had been at the pains to exert himself more in the pursuit of ordinary successes. His want of health was his excuse for not reading for Honours.

The readers of this periodical have already had the chief events of his life set before them. The most interesting feature in the earlier years of such a man, to ourselves

at least, would be the gradual ripening of his religious instincts and convictions. As to this, we have but few notes to guide our conjectures. He went from Eton a promising and attractive boy, or little more than a boy, and we are told that, in his first year or so of residence, he was one of the most popular of men in the large College to which he belonged. At that time Christ Church was more distinguished as to academical honours than it became afterwards, and a number of young men were then in residence there of whom, later on, the world heard much. We are told that, after a time, Mr. Hope seemed almost to sicken of the social successes he had attained. A cloud came over his mind and spirits, and he lived with but a few chosen companions. Such changes are not rare in the growth of such minds. It is no slight misfortune for our Catholic young men that, practically, they have no opportunities of passing through that most valuable training for life, which is secured to others by the interposition of a career at the University, between their school days and their taking their position in the world. It is like taking out of the year the early spring. Nothing in the life of a well-trained and intelligent soul is so like the passage from March and April, when nature is still held back by cold and cloud, to a light and genial May and early June, as the three years or so in which the English public school boy passes from the happy little world of Eton or Harrow to the comparatively serious and thoughtful stage of College life. The development of mind and heart, and of all that constitutes the manly character, which then takes place, can more fitly be compared to the rapidity of tropical vegetation than to the slower processes with which our own climate makes us familiar. The growth, under favourable conditions, is immense, and it is then, more than at any other time, that the character and the mind are formed, and the man made for life. College years are often less pleasant in retrospect than school days, and the affections entwine themselves more naturally around the latter. But the loss, to a character and a life of the time spent at College, would be greater by far than that of the time spent at school, all the more if, as in the case of Mr. Hope, the College period is the time at which religious impressions are formed or matured, and if the connection with the University lasts on for many years after the undergraduate's career has come to a close.

Such times, however, are often not periods of unmixed

sunshine. May and early June are bright indeed, but the brightness is uncertain, and many a cold wind breathes over the teeming vegetation of the garden or the orchard. A time of so much change and so much growth cannot but have its sobering, its chastening, its sorrowful features. The mind and soul wake up into a new world of thought and aspiration, but by the side of higher hopes there may come the first pangs of repentance, at all events the first deep feelings of the awful responsibilities of life. Even the happiest and the purest childhood cannot be ripened into the fulness of first manhood without many a pang. And it must be remembered that, at the date at which we have now arrived in the life of Mr. Scott, there were already troubles in the air for all thoughtful souls in the University. The conflict between the old stagnant High Churchism and the revival of more Catholic traditions and instincts had begun, and who could tell, even then, that the ground was sure under his feet?

Cardinal Newman dates the beginning of the Tractarian movement from Mr. Keble's Sermon on National Apostasy in July, 1833. At that time Mr. Hope, within the first six months after taking his B.A. degree, had just been elected to a close Fellowship at Merton. It must not be supposed that the movement of minds and hearts which afterwards flowed mainly in the channel prepared for it by the writers of the Tracts, had not already begun. There was, in truth, a High Church revival of a certain kind before the Tracts began. It was almost a necessity, after Catholic Emancipation had been granted, and, still more, after the stir in all quarters created by the Reform agitation, that the best Anglicans of the time should think of putting their house in order, and of preparing for its defence. It is not our business to speak of this High Church revival, of which some account would be quite necessary if we were writing the history of the Tractarian movement or of the Anglican Establishment.<sup>1</sup> It is only important to us in the indirect effects it may have had on the mind of Mr. Hope-Scott. The movement began on those semi-political lines which it is natural to find adopted by persons who have to vindicate the claims and the position of an Establishment. But it could not but have a

<sup>1</sup> The reader will find something on the subject in the second chapter of Cardinal Newman's *History of my Religious Opinions* (the *Apologia*), and in the Rev. W. Palmer's *Narrative of Events*, &c. (some statements of which have been questioned). See also an article in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1883, on the life of the late Provost of Oriel.



highly religious tone, and it lasted on for a generation by the side of the Tractarian movement, properly so called, if, indeed, it is altogether at an end now.

We find but little in the pages before us to help us here as to Mr. Hope's exact position during his few first years at Oxford. It is impossible that so thoughtful a mind could have been unaffected by the atmosphere around him. He was now at the age when some of the greatest decisions of life have to be made. He hesitated for a long time whether to "take orders" or not. It was the wish of his mother, and the idea was seriously entertained by him more than once. Indeed, he recurred to it after he had made his choice of the Bar as his profession, and it seems only to have been finally abandoned by him at a later period, when, after the loss of his brothers by death, one of those great disappointments which can only, even now, be alluded to, came to show him, if we understand him rightly, that his character required that support of domestic happiness which he would have thought it right to deny himself as a clergyman. The period of his undergraduate years can only be described generally as one in which he became, in a certain way, disgusted with or weaned from the cold attractions of ordinary life, and in which very grave religious questions took possession of his mind. This was, we do not doubt, the real seed-time of his religious life. He must have been a very premature growth indeed, if he had then thought of finding his way to the door of the Catholic Church. Few, even of the most advanced Oxford thinkers, had yet begun to suppose it possible that the movement might lead to Rome. They were confident, then and for years afterwards, that they were defending the true traditions and teaching of the Anglican Church, and that their foundations were safely fixed on the rock, not of Peter, but of Christian antiquity, appealed to by their own Church. When we consider the strong things that the future Cardinal, and even Robert Hurrell Froude, said and wrote at that time, we cannot be surprised—not that Mr. Hope-Scott was anti-Roman, for there are few traces indeed in him of anything of the kind—but that his thoughts concerning Catholicism were those of the immense mass of the best of his countrymen, and that he did not think ever of looking into the Catholic side of the argument. It is, however, certain that a considerable religious revolution had already taken place in him, that he already felt a craving for what he had not, and a dissatisfaction with a great number of things which were quite



enough for the ambitions and tastes of most of his compeers. But for the religious instincts in him, and their strong development during this time, he might have become a fastidious man of the world, looking down on the homage it was ready enough to pay to him, but content to take the successes it had to give him for want of anything better.

Mr. Hope's election to a Merton Fellowship, though it was a close county Fellowship, and had to be canvassed for as if it was simply a matter of patronage, was an incident of immense importance in his religious growth. It fixed him on an ancient Catholic foundation, the statutes of which had never been altered, and were sworn to by all the Fellows. It is needless to say that they were not kept. They could not possibly be kept by Anglicans. And although we hear a great deal of clamour on the ground of the "will of the Founder," raised against the alterations made by the Legislature in our own time, it may be reasonably doubted whether clerical fellowships held by members of the Establishment are more in accordance with the original intentions of the Founders, than the enjoyment of the revenues by laymen or by Professors. Mr. Hope was at once deeply interested in the question, whether by any reform at all that could be accepted by his colleagues, the intentions of the Founders could be carried out. It speaks a great deal for the honesty and simplicity of the members of the College that, a few years after Mr. Hope's election, the Warden and Fellows appointed a Committee, the Report of which was drawn up by him, to examine and report on the statutes, charters, and other muniments in their possession. Mr. Hope threw himself into the work with ardour, and elaborated a scheme by which the College was to be made in fact "a kind of seedplot for furnishing clergy likely to be of use to the Anglican Church generally, as well as to the livings which were attached to Merton itself." The plan ultimately, as was likely, came to nothing, but it may be considered certain that the studies and zeal which were brought into play by its formation had a great effect on an ardent mind like that of Mr. Hope. Many and many an Oxford Scholar and Fellow have set themselves, like him, in perfect good faith, to think out how to reproduce, as far as was possible, within the crumbling walls of those venerable Colleges, a cloistral life of study, prayer, and asceticism, such as seemed to them to be the life intended by the Founders for those who benefited by their donations. Modern Oxford is a

sad answer to the direct questions raised by such aspirations. But, on the other hand, there are many now in Catholic religious Orders, many Catholic priests, and many devout Catholic laymen, whose characters, as well as their memories, bear deep traces of the blessings they have received from the benefactions of men like Walter de Merton. In 1838, we find, from a letter of Mr. Hope to Mr. Gladstone, that he made a pilgrimage, with Mr. Badeley, to the tomb of his founder at Rochester. He says to his friend—

With such a character before me, one may be permitted to regret that the system has passed away, in which men learnt self-discipline in the convent before they came to use power in the world ; when faith, though nourished upon coarse food, was strong enough to cope with ambition and the pride of life, and to overcome them ; when celibacy, instead of being merely the forerunner of a selfish old age, itself, perhaps, the fruit of early disappointment, was the channel by which men's thoughts were turned to higher contemplations, and to a desire of impressing on the principles and pursuits which they revered that character of perpetuity, which the father of a family endeavours to transmit to his (perhaps) worthless descendants.

Two years later than this, we find Mr. Hope's views as to what Colleges ought to be embodied in an article in the *British Critic*, on the *Magdalen College Statutes*. Mr. Ornsby gives us large extracts from this article, and they show how very far its author's mind must have advanced in its admiration for the Catholic institutions of the middle ages. About the same time we see many traces of the great influence on his practical life of *Hurrell Froude's Remains*, a work which attracted strong sympathy from some, equally strong antipathy from others, and perhaps did more than anything to accentuate the growing intensity of opposition to the new School, which seized on the opportunity given by the publication of Tract 90 to burst into a great flame. There can be no doubt of the fast progress now made in the case of Mr. Hope, partly in consequence of his studies on the subject of Colleges, an history of which he projected and spent much time upon, partly from a variety of other influences which were then very rife. The immense clouds of prejudice against everything mediæval and Catholic, which hung over the minds of the men brought up when he was brought up, were fast rolling away, in many cases, under the influence of the general movement towards a higher religious level, the influence of which was not confined to persons like himself, who had peculiar

calls to impartial investigation, and peculiar opportunities of making such investigation with more or less of success. We find that, by the same time in his life that we have now reached, he was personally devout, and even ascetic, to an extraordinary degree, considering his circumstances. Mr. Ornsby gives us some extracts from his private papers, written during the years 1836, 1837, and 1838, which show the care with which he regulated his practices of devotion and mortification, his habits of weekly Communion, and the manner in which he endeavoured to make his religion penetrate every action of his daily life.

It was during this period also that he renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone, having known him slightly both at Eton and at Christ Church. He soon became a very intimate and highly trusted friend and adviser of the future Prime Minister. The volumes before us will derive a large part of their interest, to many readers, from the extremely valuable letters which passed between the two friends. Mr. Gladstone consulted Mr. Hope as to his first work, in which he took up, young as he was, a very decided position indeed as a High Church statesman, a position of which he has since seen the untenable character for any practical English politician, but which it is nevertheless honourable to him to have enunciated so fearlessly. It will strike any one who reads the very considerable number of letters, given by Mr. Ornsby, which relate to this work, how very great was the respect entertained by the author for his adviser, how readily he submitted to his criticisms—very unreservedly given—and how very clear-sighted in themselves these criticisms are. Mr. Gladstone's book has long ago passed out of the public mind, for it represented a phase only in the growth of his own mind. But it will have to be studied by any one who writes a good biography of its author. It is clear from this and other passages in the *Life* before us, that Mr. Gladstone had then, and later on, very high conceptions as to the duties of a Christian statesman, and that his sanguine mind foresaw for himself, and for those who might associate themselves with him, a noble and lofty career of service to the Church, as he conceived it, as well as to the State. There is something very touching in his language to Mr. Hope, when he began to find out that there was a difference between them, which extended so deeply as to the very question itself of the claims of Anglicanism on their Christian allegiance, and still

more, when it became certain to him that his friend could no longer remain in the Establishment. We see traces of the dying out in his mind of the great dreams which he had conceived, and of the fact that he felt obliged to abandon them, as far as he did, very much on account of the want of men, such as Mr. Hope might have been, who might have aided him in making them realities.

All these disappointments and separations were inevitable. For the first time since the days, perhaps, of Laud, a considerable body of the most active, upright, and intelligent minds within the pale of Anglicanism had taken up principles which were only partially and inconsistently witnessed to by the Anglican formularies, and which were altogether alien to the spirit of the Reformation and of the Establishment. Under such circumstances, it was inevitable that some should go one way, others another way, that some should pursue these principles to their legitimate issue, while others would be frightened at the idea of such a pursuit, that prejudices would fall away from some minds and not from others, and that some would turn right round, and take up with principles entirely opposite, or at least with positions legitimately postulating such principles. The Oxford movement has led thousands to the doors of the Catholic Church. It has reinforced the numbers of vigorous High Churchmen. It has given occasion to many to embrace scepticism or Latitudinarianism as their only safe alternative. With some it has become the parent of a maudlin pietism, and, worst of all, it has been with others perverted into the pretext for a new form of sectarianism, which sets at nought the moral obligation of the most solemn pledges, which rests on the Anglican "Episcopacy" for orders, while it defies the authority of the Anglican bishops, and imitates Catholic practices and professes Catholic doctrines, which the formularies to which its adherents are pledged were confessedly intended to repudiate and deny.

But we must return to Mr. Hope. It was about the time of which we are speaking that he made the acquaintance of another great leader of thought, the present Cardinal Newman. The biography before us owes some of its most attractive pages to the intimacy which thus sprang up. Mr. Newman, as he then was, was considerably senior in years to Mr. Hope, and he was at that time almost at the zenith of his influence in Oxford and in the country—of his influence, at least, as the leader of the Tractarian party. It is remarkable, in his friend-

ship with Mr. Hope, as in that of Mr. Gladstone, that the elder man seems to have discovered at once the sterling qualities of the younger. Mr. Gladstone's estimation of Mr. Hope's judgment is proved by the whole of the correspondence relating to the work on Church and State, on which the former was occupied during the early years of the friendship between them. Mr. Ornsby gives us, at the beginning of his seventh chapter, a very beautiful discussion by Mr. Hope on the subject of the "duty" of private judgment, as it had been stated by Mr. Gladstone. On this and other points his mind was evidently in advance of that of his friend. Mr. Newman's confidence in Mr. Hope's judgment is chiefly manifested somewhat later on, when the famous case of the "Jerusalem Bishopric" did so much to upset his views as to Anglicanism, by manifesting its inherent sectarian and schismatical temper, through the acts of its rulers. The readers of the *Apologia* will remember how much its author speaks of this effect on himself. It seems to have had on Mr. Hope the effect of giving him the first rude shock on the same all-important subject.

The years of which we are now speaking, from 1833 to 1841, were years to Mr. Hope of great vigour and activity. The dark cloud of doubt as to his ecclesiastical position and the possible issue of the troubles which were so fast gathering, had not yet settled on his mind. He had at last, not without more than one fit of hesitation, settled down to the legal profession, still hanging more lovingly over ecclesiastical lore and ecclesiastical questions than any other. It was in 1840 that he made his famous speech before the House of Lords in defence of the Cathedral Chapters—a speech which at once stamped him as a forensic orator of the highest class. His career as a Parliamentary barrister began some three years later, and when he once got into it, he soon acquired the pre-eminence which he retained until a few years before his death.

During the period before 1841 we find him active in promoting Anglican charities and good works, the Children's Friend Society, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and others. His private charities were always on the largest scale, and his personal devotion to sick friends and others, whom he would nurse for days or weeks together, knew no bounds. It was at this time (1840) that he was appointed Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury, a post in which he delighted much, as giving him a *quasi*-ecclesiastical position in

a great Cathedral. To the same time belong the beginnings of the plan for founding a College of the High Anglican colour for the benefit of the Scotch Episcopalians—a plan which owed its origin and realization to the united zeal of Mr. Hope and Mr. Gladstone. A considerable part of the correspondence between them, given in this biography, refers to the details of this plan, which was at last carried out in a very magnificent way in the opening of Trinity College, Glenalmond. The foundation stone was laid by Sir John Gladstone in 1846, and by that time Mr. Hope's advanced views had become so well known, that his name was left out of the list of the Council. He took a tour on the Continent in 1840 and 1841, visiting Windischmann and Döllinger in Germany, Manzoni in Milan, and Father Roothaan, among others, in Rome. His impressions of Rome, as distinguished from his impressions of Roman persons, were not very favourable. Probably he thought there was something kept back from him, which he would gladly have been let into, and did not understand, either the simplicity of Roman ecclesiastics, or their natural dislike to communicate too openly with strangers. Not every Protestant who goes to Rome has the same straightforward object in his questionings, or is likely to make the same honourable use of the answers which he receives, as Mr. Hope.

It was in 1841 that the storm broke on the Tractarian movement in the attack of the "Four Tutors" on No. 90 of the Tracts, the stoppage of their publication, and the charge of Bishop after Bishop against them. The story of these times has been told to some extent by Cardinal Newman in his *Apologia*, and we have only to deal with it inasmuch as it affected the mind of Mr. Hope. We find him at this time, as has been said, in intimate correspondence with Mr. Newman, chiefly, however, on the subject of the Jerusalem Bishopric, which was set up in the summer of 1841. Mr. Newman sent his formal protest to the Bishop of Oxford and to the Archbishop, in the November of the same year. Mr. Hope had been consulted by Sir Robert Inglis and M. Bunsen about the Bill to be passed for the purpose, and thus, when he came out in the next spring with a strong pamphlet against the bishopric, he was accused of insincerity or tergiversation. The truth is, that he had only co-operated with a view to the removal of the part of the scheme to which he felt strong objection. Dr. Pusey, always sanguine, always ready to compromise with Protestants,



and always imprudent in conduct, had persuaded him, at one time, not to think so badly of it as he afterwards thought. An attempt was made to inveigle—we can use no other word—both Mr. Hope and Mr. Gladstone into some participation in the movement. Mr. Gladstone partially gave in, for he was told by M. Bunsen that the articles regulating the new bishopric “were to be regarded as provisional, and submitted to a meeting of the Bishops at Lambeth.” It turned out that no such reference was contemplated, and, it is needless to say, it was never made.

This affair of the Jerusalem Bishopric, of which Cardinal Newman has said that “he never heard of any good or harm it had done to any one, except what it did to himself, to bring him to the beginning of the end,” had no doubt a considerable effect in loosening the allegiance of Mr. Hope's mind to Anglicanism. It had probably much the same effect on many others. It happened, as has been said, in 1841, and it was not until 1845 that Mr. Newman submitted to the Catholic Church. It was not till 1851, in the tenth year after the Jerusalem Bishopric, that Mr. Hope, at the same time with his friend, the future Cardinal Manning, was received into the Church by Father Brownbill at Farm Street. He had taken a great interest in the Society of Jesus from the date of his first interview with Father Roothaan at Rome, many years before, and his cordial affection and devotion to the Society, a devotion which he wished to leave as an inheritance to his children, only increased as years went on. The intermediate period, between the first dawn of light as to the hollowness of the pretensions of a sham Church, to which a loyal soul has long paid a loving but undeserved allegiance, and the full conviction of the truth of the claims of the much-calumniated Church of Jesus Christ, is a period of suffering, and at the same time of blessing, of which few who have not passed through it can form any adequate conception.

Cardinal Newman uses the word “death-bed” of this period, chiefly with regard to the gradual and painful decay of trust in the false system. There is, of course, another side to the process. It is a period of birth-pangs as well as of the advance of death. It is deeply interesting to those whose memories can take them back to the circumstances of a process such as this, to see it traced, more or less, as it has been traced by a master-hand in the famous *Apologia*, and also to read a

narrative such as that in the book before us, in relation to so earnest and noble a soul as Mr. Hope. To those who approach the subject rather as outsiders, especially to those who have had the happiness to be born within the Catholic pale, there will perhaps be some temptation to impatience at the length of the process of conversion, and to a want of sympathy with the difficulties, which sometimes seem to them so trivial, which yet have only been very gradually dispelled by the "kindly light," which has led those who have them on to salvation and peace. Such persons, in particular, may be unable to appreciate the effect, on souls thus advancing to light, of the acts of Anglican authorities, the Bishops, the Law Courts, even the Oxford Heads of houses. And certainly it is quite true and self-evident that, whether Tract 90 had been condemned or not, whether the Bishops had charged against the Tracts or not, whether or no the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London had set up a Jerusalem Bishopric to please M. Bunsen and Lord Palmerston, whatever had been the decision as to the "Stone-altar case," or Dr. Pusey's Sermons, or Mr. Ward's *Ideal*, or the Gorham case itself, the Catholic Church was all the time as much the Catholic Church as ever, and the Anglican Establishment neither more nor less of a Church than it is at this moment. Very true indeed. But the question is not one of abstract truth, but of the bringing home of that truth to the convictions of men brought up to revere something else as the Church of God to them, and also to think so hardly and severely of the Catholic Church as to consider it beyond the pale of possibility that it should be, at all events, perfectly and exclusively right, or even that it was a part of their duty to consider its claims and put aside the apparently overwhelming mass of *prejudicia* against it.

Nor, of course, were the difficulties in the way only intellectual and abstract. The Anglican Establishment and its religion have an immense hold on the educated classes of the nation. There is not a family which would not be directly touched by what assails them. They have historical prestige, social domination, all the influence and power which naturally belong to systems in possession, they are linked with the national life, the family life and traditions, the personal affections, the domestic happiness, the material interests and prosperity, of thousands upon thousands, both as those interests relate to individuals themselves, or to those as dear to them



as themselves. Every single tie that the poor converts at Jerusalem had to break in the days of the Apostles, every danger they had to run, short of absolute physical persecution, the converts, in many cases, had to break or brave. It is not saying too much to say that here were very serious obstacles indeed to be surmounted. The convert had to wound those dearest to him, to break with all his past for the sake of a mainly unknown future, to give up a vigorous and lifelike system for one which he had always been taught to fear or to despise. It is not saying anything against them, to say that the virtues of the English Catholics were to most an unknown quality, and the Catholic nations of which Englishmen knew the most did not add to the attractions of their religion.

Under such circumstances, it is wonderful neither that external events, under the guidance of Providence, were needed, as they are needed still, to draw the attention of those who belonged to the High Church school to the serious consideration of the Catholic claims, nor that so many should have been so long about the realization of the truth, nor, again, considering the weakness of human nature, that so many should have turned away "to their farm or to their merchandize," or to other still sweeter occupations, yes, and that many also, alas! should have given up altogether the attempt to solve the troublesome problem, and have practically chosen rather to believe nothing than to believe too much. We value Mr. Hope's case as an instance of the process of the gradual illumination of the mind of one who had not so much to sacrifice, for the sake of his new convictions, in the way of material interest, as many others. This case shows us how fast was the hold of that form of Anglicanism which he, in common with so many others, had learnt from the Oxford of his day, and from the Tracts and other publications of the party headed by Mr. Newman, on minds whose decision did not involve, as in the case with so many others, the supposed humiliation of renouncing Orders solemnly received, of abandoning clerical work and the guidance of souls, of no longer ministering at the altar, and of braving the narrowest poverty, not only for themselves, but for those dearest to and most dependent on them. These were great obstacles to surmount, but the power of the Anglican usurpation extended farther than these. It required either a new view of history, new ideas as to freedom of thought, authority, and the like, or at least a surrender to a system inconsistent

with long held views on these subjects. There are chains more difficult to break than material chains, whether of iron or of gold.

Mr. Hope seems to have begun to doubt about Anglicanism at the time of which we have been speaking, the date of the erection of the Jerusalem Bishopric. We find him writing to his sister in the December of 1841, to explain a conversation which he had, a few days before, had with his mother. He had said, that if Catholic principles were cast out of the Church of England, he should go with them, and that in such a case he should see no alternative but resorting to Rome. This, he thinks, his mother misconstrued into a positive idea of secession. The keen instinct of the mother, however, was more true sighted than the half-formed judgment of the son. At this time came on the contest for the Poetry Professorship. Mr. Isaac Williams, a man of the highest poetical temperament, as beautiful a scholar as he was a devout Christian, was put forward by the Tractarians as successor to his friend Mr. Keble. He was opposed, simply on party grounds, by a coalition of the "Heads of Houses" party, and the Evangelicals, who nominated Mr. Garbett, afterwards an Anglican Archdeacon. As was said at the time, no one was supposed ever to have heard of the "Songs of Garbett," but he was an eloquent preacher, a well-read scholar, and eminently "safe." The election was treated as a kind of test of the strength of the Tractarians in Convocation, and it was supposed that, if they were beaten, active measures against them would be publicly taken. Already a considerable amount of personal persecution was going on, not against the leaders of the party so much as against any of their unfortunate adherents, who wanted College testimonials for ordination, or to take divinity degrees under Dr. Hampden. After a long canvass, in which Dr. Pusey, as Mr. Hope says, did a great deal of mischief by sending round a circular as an avowed party leader, a scrutiny of "promises" was made in the presence, we believe, of the Vice-Chancellor, and it turned out that Mr. Garbett had a considerable majority.

In 1843 came the suspension of Dr. Pusey for his Sermon before the University on the Holy Eucharist, as to which the report ran at the time that, when asked, he could not tell whether the "presence" which he had maintained was "subjective" or "objective." The story seems absurd, and yet the confusion of mind which it imputes to Dr. Pusey is not alto-

gether incredible. Then came the Macmullen case, the Everett case, the abortive attempt to exclude Dr. Symons—one of the “four Doctors” who had condemned Dr. Pusey—from the succession to the office of Vice-Chancellor, the stone-altar case, and the “unfrocking” of Mr. Ward for having published the *Ideal of a Christian Church*. This was on Valentine’s Day, 1845—a date which fixed itself on the mind of residents at the University at the time, because it was so immediately followed by the announcement that the hero, or martyr, of the extreme Tractarian party, was “a marrying man.” A great many unfair things were said on that occasion, but it cannot be denied that the incident threw a shade of the ridiculous over the suffering cause. Meanwhile, Mr. Hope’s great friend was slowly and decidedly taking step after step, first to free himself from Anglican chains and obligations, and then to set his face to the contemplation of the fair “Vision of Peace.” Early in 1843 Mr. Newman published, in the *Conservative Journal*, a formal retraction of the strong things which, at various times and in various writings, he had said against the Catholic Church. He communicated his action to Mr. Hope, who wrote to him very sympathetically on the subject.

It has convinced me that you are clearing your position of some popular protections which still surround it. Beyond this, I do not see. I mean, it does not show me that, esoterically, you have made any great move, nor yet that, to the world at large, you are disposed to do more than say, “Do not cry me up as a champion against Popery, for the rest, you may judge of me as you please.”

In September, 1843, Mr. Newman resigned the living of St. Mary’s. He had already been living for some time at Littlemore, and his account of the molestations to which he was there subjected and the calumnies which were then circulated concerning him, is well known to the readers of the *Apologia*. It would be very amusing, if it did not show such a mixture of savagery and meanness on the part of his opponents. To the same period belong the starting, and the abandonment, as far as he was concerned, of the *Lives of the English Saints*. At last, in October, 1845, the great leader was received into the Church in his own house at Littlemore, and almost immediately afterwards, published his great *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*. It was, as he tells us himself, unfinished, but it contains an amount of condensed thought

and argument which will require a great deal of "development" before it is exhausted.

During all this time Mr. Hope continued more or less actively engaged in his professional work. The beginning of his great career at the Parliamentary Bar dates from 1843, and by the time of the secession of Mr. Newman he was making a large income. He had gradually withdrawn from taking much part in Church controversies, for which he had perhaps as little heart as he had time. But his correspondence shows that his religious fervour was in no way abated. In 1844 he made another tour on the Continent, going again to Munich and to Rome, with much the same impressions as before. It was on this visit that he made the acquaintance of one of his most revered Catholic friends, Dr. Grant, the first Bishop of Southwark. Early in 1845, he resigned the Chancellorship of Salisbury. But, about the same time, he was eager in advising Mr. Oakeley to resist the prosecution on the part of the Bishop of London, and would have helped him with money if that had been necessary. It was in the same year that he and Mr. Gladstone became aware of the difference of views on religious matters which was likely to separate them. Very touching indeed, as well as honourable to both, is the correspondence on this point between them.

Yet nearly six years were yet to pass before the termination of this period of transition. The delay, on Mr. Hope's part, must be set down in part to the very gradual ripening of his convictions, of which we shall say more presently, in part also, no doubt, to the very high pressure at which he now had to live and work. He married Mr. Lockhart's daughter, Charlotte, the grand-daughter of Sir Walter Scott, in August, 1847. In 1848, her first child was born, stillborn. In the same year he rented Abbotsford for his brother-in-law, and became its owner, in right of his wife, by the death of that brother-in-law, in 1853. He then took the name of Hope-Scott. His eldest surviving child, now the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott, was born there in 1852, more than a year after her father's conversion. After Mr. Newman's reception into the Church, in 1845, Mr. Hope wrote to him that he was fully prepared for it.

The effect which, I think I told you, it would have on my conduct, is that of forcing me to a deliberate inquiry; but I feel most unfit for it, and look with anxiety to your book as my guide.

The book itself, however, had on him the same effect which it had on others. It was too much at once. It opened questions which Catholics might themselves discuss, and did not put matters into a nutshell. It was directed chiefly to convincing men who might lead and teach others on simpler grounds of argument. Mr. Hope says, and most justly :

I have read your book through. To apprehend it fully, will require one, if not two more perusals. The effect produced upon me as yet is that of perplexity, at seeing how wide a range of thought appears to be required for the discussion. I had thought that the principles which I already acknowledge would, upon a careful application, suffice for the solution of the difficulties ; but you have taken me into a region less familiar to me, and the extent of which makes me feel helpless and discouraged.

Language such as this reveals the state of mind in which a man, over head and ears in business, might well loiter awhile. We find Mr. Hope writing to Mr. Newman in the April of 1846 :

I join heartily in desiring some termination to my present doubts, but whether in the direction you would think right, or by a return to Anglicanism, is the question. I am astonished to find how resolute Keble is in maintaining his present position. Others also, of more earnestness and better knowledge than myself, are recoiling—and this troubles me, for I cannot but look around for authority.

This paragraph reflects, if we are not mistaken, the state of mind of many more at that time. Mr. Keble, in the autumn of 1845, had been more nearly moving onwards than ever before, or, we are sorry to say, ever afterwards. He had written his by far most Catholic volume, the *Lyra Innocentium*, and had been very deeply pained by finding that some of his best Anglican friends objected to certain parts of what he wished to publish. Those parts were full of intense yearning, especially for the devotion to our Blessed Lady. The theory of the Church which that volume implies is condemnatory of the Anglican position ; it, in fact, amounts to a confession of schism. Catholic feelings are to be discovered up and down, as if desirous to thrust themselves forward, but afraid of having a hostile reception. It was Mr. Keble's misfortune, all through his life, certainly during his last quarter of a century, to submit his judgment far too easily to that of others. The influences of his own family surroundings were all-powerful with him. When the *Development* was published, he was persuaded to decline to read it. He read it

afterwards, but when he had already determined not to be moved by it. Mr. Newman's long retirement from anything like leadership had told very hardly on the yearning minds of a large number of men throughout the country, who had caught the Catholic elements which were then floating in the religious atmosphere. The remark does not apply indeed to Mr. Hope, but it applies to many whose inaction and even recoiling, to use his own word, may have told upon him and upon older men.

The great feature, and, to our minds, the great mischief, of that time, in the conditions of the Tractarian following, was the prominence of Dr. Pusey. The time has not come to put forward a Catholic estimate of the influence of that remarkable man. Canon Liddon is said to be writing his life, and we shall be interested in seeing what he makes of it. What is necessary to explain the circumstances of the time is, the clear statement of the difference between Dr. Pusey's leadership and that of Mr. Newman. Leaders, in a strictly party sense, which implies a certain amount of discipline as well as of compromise, the Tractarians never had. But the personal influence which he had acquired made Mr. Newman among them, as he would have been anywhere, a "king of men." And, as long as he led, he at least looked plain questions in the face, instead of telling people how naughty they were for asking them. For some time before his secession, he had abdicated all power and influence. He had pushed it from him as much as he could with a clear conscience. It was the characteristic difference between him and Dr. Pusey, that what the one pushed away, the other eagerly grasped. His mental conformation was singular. He could never doubt what he was determined to believe, he could not even recognize plain facts, or understand plain statements which he disliked. This comes out in the *Apologia*, where the Cardinal tells us that Dr. Pusey would never believe that his friend was going to Rome. He was always inordinately sanguine, and immensely self-confident. He would have made a very bad party leader indeed, in the political sphere, for he was too imprudent, and he would have been constantly accused of shuffling by his opponents. But whether by adroit management or not, he played very successfully the part of leader to those discomfited Tractarians who could not at once make up their minds to follow Mr. Newman. His opponents instinctively felt, after a little experience of his method, that he was not bound for Rome. Dr. Wiseman had predicted, years before,



that though he was sure of Newman, he would never have Pusey. Dr. Pusey rushed to the front, a few weeks after Mr. Newman's secession, in a letter which was published by the *English Churchman*. And he rushed to the front with an enormous misstatement of fact in his mouth, which we have no doubt at all that he fully believed to be true. The question of Anglican Orders, as all Catholics know, is not vital on the Catholic side of the controversy. It is only a question of historical fact. But on the Anglican side it is vital, and what is worse, Anglicans, as a mass, do not understand that, Orders or not, schism or heresy is enough to imperil salvation. So Dr. Pusey spread all over the land—his letter is reprinted and distributed as a "preservative" to this day—that there was absolutely no doubt at all about Anglican Orders. He put the question on a false footing, he supported himself by a most audacious assertion, for which he gave no proof but his own word. The whole procedure was perfectly characteristic of the man, who had a great deal more of strong will about him than of intellectual clearness or power of reasoning soberly and modestly. And on this "platform," so to say, he organized a new party, by whom intellectual research was avoided, and piety and asceticism, unsubstantial because not founded on reason and truth, were made to silence doubt, and even stifle conscience. The result of this policy may be seen in the present state of the University of Oxford. Catholics and Anglicans must take different views as to the merit or demerit of what Dr. Pusey did at the time of which we speak. He undoubtedly trained many more souls for Catholicism than he kept back from it. But it is still true, that if it was a great virtue to have preserved a certain portion of the Tractarians in Anglicanism, the credit of that virtue belongs to Dr. Pusey.

Undoubtedly there was a kind of reaction at the time when this last quoted letter of Mr. Hope's was written. The men to whom others looked, made no sign. We have just stated the means brought to bear upon the doubtful minds who could not at once form the resolution to submit. The book on Development was criticised in the *Christian Remembrancer* and other High Church organs, but it was usually answered by nothing more than silence—and a decided refusal to read it. Providence, however, did not desert the many minds which, having been, more or less, formed as to their religious views by Mr. Newman, were now in danger from so many causes, of a shipwreck as to

faith. In 1846 came the appointment of Dr. Hampden to the see of Hereford, and all the commotion which followed on that appointment. It had at least the effect of destroying all confidence, on the part of High Churchmen, in the lately appointed Bishop of Oxford, Samuel Wilberforce. But a still greater blow was the famous Gorham case. The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, representing the Crown, as the Supreme Judge in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as civil, virtually decided that Baptismal Regeneration was an open question in the Establishment. It was the first of a long series of similar decisions, by the highest Court of the Establishment, some of which have, indeed, allowed High Churchmen to escape condemnation "by the skin of their teeth," but the majority of which have been adverse to that party. Anglicans are writhing under some of these decisions to the present day, when far greater tolerance has been practically conceded to the extreme parties on either side. The Gorham case, however, was practically the first of the long series. It produced, of course, the usual amount of clamour and protest, at which both Mr. Gorham and the Judicial Committee could afford to laugh. It produced also the well-known Curzon Street resolutions, signed by fourteen leaders of the High Church party, one of whom was Mr. Hope. They declared, in fact, that unless the Gorham judgment were speedily repudiated by the Establishment, it would forfeit all claim to their allegiance as a part of the Church Catholic. It is needless to say that only about half of those who signed these resolutions carried them out into action. But among those who adhered to their words were the then Archdeacon Manning and Mr. Hope.

It was not, however, till another blow had fallen that this final step was taken by these two distinguished friends. The final blow came from the intense excitement, originally fanned by the Prime Minister for political purposes, but which speedily took possession of half the community, especially the clergy, which had for its occasion the so-called "Papal Aggression" of 1850, in the establishment of the English Catholic Hierarchy. The Bishops, the Universities, the whole body of Anglican ministers foamed at the mouth, and ran for protection to the skirts of the Queen, the "Defender of the Faith." The best part of Parliament was spent in the debates over the "Ecclesiastical Titles Bill," which, after all, never hurt anybody but its framer,



and ultimately was repealed. All England seemed to have lost its head, except the Catholics and the Peelite party, who risked their Parliamentary existence in opposition to the popular outcry. The shock benefited many minds and souls, for it showed them authoritatively what Rome thought of England, and, scarcely less authoritatively, what England had in its heart concerning Rome. After this, the submission of men like Henry Edward Manning and James Robert Hope-Scott was simply a question of days or weeks.

It must again be said, to avoid misunderstanding of the manner in which men like these were brought within the Catholic pale, that no sensible person attributed to these acts of the English authorities, whether in Church or State, the effect of unmaking a Church, or depriving the Establishment of any Catholic character which it might before have possessed. These acts drove home to men convictions as to the truth which were already in their minds, but had not yet reached the stage of authority, or they were fresh evidence to their minds of the true character of the Establishment. Mr. Hope puts this strongly in a letter written within a few months of his conversion.

You seem to think [he says] that the present condition of the Church of England has been the cause of my conversion. That it has contributed thereto I am far from denying, but it has done so by way of evidence only; of evidence, the chain of which reaches up to the Reformation, and confirms by outward proofs those conclusions which Holy Scripture and reason forced upon me, as to the character of the original act of separation.

We add a similar passage from a letter of Archdeacon Manning's, written in the December before his conversion, which suggests another remark, with which we may conclude.

I feel with you [he says] that the argument is complete. For a long time I nevertheless felt a fear lest I should be doing an act morally wrong. This fear has passed away, because the Church of England has revealed itself in a way to make me fear more on the other side. It remains, therefore, as an act of the will. But this I suppose it must be. And in making it I am helped by the fact, that to remain under our changed or revealed circumstances would also be an act of the will, and that not in conformity with, but in opposition to intellectual real conviction; and the intellect is God's gift, and our instrument in attaining knowledge of His will.

The remark which is here suggested to us is one which will explain to those who have no personal experience of conversion

from Anglicanism one of the most terrible difficulties felt at that time by many who had that experience. They had been taught from their youth, or they had taught themselves, that their first duty was to obey the Church. The spirit of "dutifulness" was one of the great teachings of the *Christian Year*, and to many in those days that volume had the sort of authority which Thomas à Kempis possesses among Catholics. The allegiance prompted by this spirit was, no doubt, in their case, misdirected. It was paid to an impostor Church, a mere creation of the State, which set itself up in the seat of authority, to defy and revile the Spouse of Christ, the One Mother of all Christians. But this allegiance was most sincerely paid, and thus, when Catholics look at the self-contradictoriness and inconclusiveness of the Anglican claims, and wonder how such flimsy chains could ever have kept noble souls in bondage, they must remember, if they wish to understand the case before them, that the bondage was looked upon as a part of filial duty. The most difficult of all conversions are those in which a strong falsehood has possession of the intelligence, which is honest in its obedience to that error. But an error as to this or that point of doctrine may be even more easily removed from the mind, than a false conception as to the object of a true Christian duty of paramount obligation. This false conception has its hold on the highest feelings, the noblest sentiments, the purest affections, as a well-born child may be most sincerely and duteously attached to the gipsy mother who has stolen it and reared it. What can be wished better, for souls under such a misconception as that of which we are speaking, than that the gipsy should be led to show her true character, her vulgar breeding, her sordid aims, her immoral ways, at the very time when the child becomes able to ascertain the true facts as to his origin, the true history of the theft which stole him from his parents, and, above all, to become acquainted with the magnificence of his true home, and the tenderness and purity of his true Mother?

### *A London Limbo.<sup>1</sup>*

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Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
And rest can never dwell ; hope never comes  
That comes to all,

(Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 66.)

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BOOKS about prisons and their unhappy inmates are pretty sure to sell well and to be greedily devoured. The general British public has a keen relish for horrors, and probably not the least remunerative department of Madame Tussaud's Exhibition in Baker Street is the grim and ghastly apartment in which that enterprising French lady has, cheek by jowl with historic memorials of the great Napoleon, preserved for us the sinister features, the very habiliments, and other belongings more horrible still of notorious murderers and celebrated criminals. To see over the inside of a prison, gaze down its unlovely corridors, peep into its dark cells, and catch here and there a glimpse of slouching figures in drab, spotted all over with the broad arrow, is a craze not of morbidly disposed persons only, but also of even well-regulated minds. The older the edifice and the more terrible its associations, the greater its attractions to the curious. In this respect Newgate Gaol stands pre-eminent. Few prisons are older, none have a sadder tale to tell. A less skilfully constructed book, therefore, than the recently-published *Chronicles of Newgate* might safely reckon on a good sale. But the work of Major Griffiths has higher recommendations than the merely extrinsic advantage which attaches to a generally interesting subject. The claims of Newgate on the public interest are not limited to the melancholy histories of those whom it has held in bondage. The reader will accordingly find in the pages of this "honest chronicler" something a great deal higher and better than a mere hand-book to

<sup>1</sup> *Chronicles of Newgate*. By Arthur Griffiths, Major late 63rd Regiment ; one of H. M. Inspectors of Prisons, &c. &c. In two volumes. London: Chapman and Hall (Limited), 1884.

the Chamber of Horrors, or a convenient epitome of the *Newgate Calendar*. Briefly, but with sufficient detail where occasion requires it, he gives us a picture of the various criminal periods through which Newgate has passed, and traces in the records of this annexe of the Old Bailey, the great criminal law-court of the metropolis always closely connected with the administration of justice in this country, the gradual amelioration of our penal code from the days of its pitiless ferocity to the times when a milder system began to prevail.

Not quite so old as the Tower of London, but older much than the Bastille of Paris, Newgate Prison yields in antiquity and in the varied interest of its history to few places of "durance vile" in or out of England. Where Newgate now stands, a prison in one shape or another has stood for a thousand years. The date of its first foundation is lost in the faded records of the past, no earlier reference to it having been found than an order of Henry the Third for its repair in the opening years of the thirteenth century. Foul, noisome, and pestiferous in the extreme as was this Newgate of the middle ages, such it continued to be down to the days of Richard Whittington, out of whose charitable bequests the second Newgate was built in 1422. The third Newgate dates from immediately after the Great Fire, to be finally replaced by the present edifice in 1770. Then another half-century elapsed before any steps were taken to bring Dance's Prison, as this second structure has sometimes been called after its designer, into harmony with the requirements of more enlightened times.

Newgate Gaol, the chief prison of the largest and wealthiest capital in the world, might have been expected to take the lead in prison reform; that it remained continually, from first to last, one of the worst kept prisons in the kingdom, reflects disgrace upon those responsible for its management, and upon the country at large. From the twelfth to the nineteenth century, from the rough old times of our more summary fathers right down to the days of humanitarians like the late Sir Joshua Jebb, when, having only just put a little order into our own house, we straightway proceeded in our smug self-righteousness to lecture foreign nations on the enormities of their prison system, Newgate has been to countless "felons and trespassers" an abode of shame, suffering, and sorrow scarcely surpassed in heathen lands, a kind of hell upon earth, which to enter was to bid good-bye to hope, and where no order dwelt, but only horror

indescribable. It was from time immemorial the half-way house to the scaffold or the gallows, the starting-place on the pilgrimage to the pillory and the whipping-post, and standing on the high-road to Smithfield afforded an easy transition from the dungeon to the stake. Within its walls were inflicted the inhumanly cruel punishments sanctioned at various periods by our fierce and bloody statute-book. Those who imagine that the horrors of torture were known only to the dark or medieval ages, will perhaps be surprised to read that the barbarous form of execution known as "pressing to death" and legally termed the *peine forte et dure* was inflicted so late as 1723 on two highway robbers who had refused to plead.

Up to quite recent times Newgate took in and housed with remarkable impartiality, but by no means always free of charge, criminals of every hue and colour, persons of all ages, conditions, and degrees in life, the unfortunate or the impecunious, no less than the criminal classes. The accommodation afforded to its unhappy inmates by the prison was of the worst possible description. Here in filth and squalor unspeakable, in cells or dungeons, to which the light of heaven rarely penetrated, where no breath of fresh air sweetened the fetid atmosphere, where the food was of the scantiest, and the wretched prisoners stood indebted for the very water they drank to the munificence of a Lord Mayor, men and women, young and old, guilty and innocent, tried and untried, criminal offender and hardened reprobate, were all huddled pell-mell together in crowds so dense that plague and pestilence were engendered in the gaol, killing judge and jury in the courts of law hard by, and thinning the ranks of the prisoners as steadily as the indefatigable gallows itself. This for generations had been the condition of Newgate, which seems to have remained as perverse in its evil ways as the worst criminals it held in its fell embrace were obstinate in theirs. A Parliamentary inquiry in 1814 led to the disclosure of frightful evils. The most considerable prison of the richest city in the world had not a roof that would keep out the rain; it was destitute of glass windows, and the rations it served out to its inmates were so scanty that they were often eked out by the charity of the eating-house keepers. Light and fuel were to be had only at the prisoner's private expense, and the clothing, supplied at rare intervals, was, besides, barely sufficient for the purposes of the commonest decency. The poor debtors were in terrible straits, no fewer than three hundred and forty being

lodged, or rather herded, in a building built for one hundred, whilst similarly, in the female felons' ward, one hundred and twenty women were packed into a space intended for only sixty.

The religious and moral welfare of the prisoners was, as might have been expected in such a state of things, no less deplorably neglected than their physical condition. The ordinary performed his duties for the most part only perfunctorily, or disheartened by the callous wickedness of his enforced parishioners, and by the indifference of the prison authorities themselves, omitted them altogether. Evil practices went on without let or hindrance inside the prison walls. The occupants of the various wards had free intercourse; no attempt was made to keep condemned convicts, male or female, separate from other prisoners; they mixed freely with all, saw daily any number of visitors, and had unlimited drink. Thus the day and a great portion of the night was passed in drinking, diceing, and debauchery. Into this devils' den, a very sty of festering corruption, unhappy prisoners brought their families, and the population was greatly increased by numbers of innocent persons, women and even children, to be speedily demoralized and utterly lost. Under such circumstances rapid moral deterioration was inevitable, and the gaol long continued to be a school of depravity where the innocent were quickly taught all manner of wickedness, and the viciously inclined graduated and took high honours in the art of crime. In spite of all that the noble example of ladies devoted as the heroic Mrs. Fry had accomplished, at least in the women's quarters, to inaugurate a new system and substitute cleanliness for moral and material filth, reverence and religion for the most appalling vice and blasphemy, earnest and intelligent prison inspectors are found so late as 1836 reporting to Government, that the internal arrangements of Newgate were as bad as ever. Year after year the inspectors repeated their condemnatory criticism, but were unable to effect any radical change. For quite another decade Newgate continued to be a by-word with prison reformers. In 1850 Sir Joshua Jebb pronounced it one of the worst prisons in the kingdom, and another inspector, Captain Williams, unhesitatingly declared it to be quite the worst in his district.

At last, relieved of the unnatural demands upon its accommodation by the opening of Holloway Prison in 1852, Newgate easily and speedily entered upon the path of reform. It became thenceforth simply a place of detention for City prisoners, an



annexe of the Old Bailey, filled and emptied before and after the sessions. As such it continued to serve until the year 1880, when, under the principles of concentration which formed the basis of the Prison Act of 1877, it was closed. It ceased therefore to be used except as a temporary receptacle for prisoners during the sittings of the Central Criminal Court and as the metropolitan place of execution.

Newgate, as the central prison, is of course closely associated from first to last with metropolitan crime. Most offenders of any note have passed through it on their way either to the gallows or to Botany Bay. Traitors have lain here, from those of the dark ages to the miscreants concerned in the Cato Street Conspiracy. Here murderers have awaited death, from Richard Savage and the notorious Major Oneby to O'Donnell, hanged the other day for the murder of Carey on the high seas; forgers, from Dr. Dodd, the unfortunate parson for whom Lord Chesterfield knew no mercy and Dr. Johnson pleaded for pardon with the King, down to Hunton, the Quaker, and Maynard, the last to suffer death for this crime; coiners, highway robbers, fraudulent bankrupts, commercial swindlers, slanderous pamphleteers, thieves, rogues, and vagabonds of every category have found themselves for a longer or a shorter period within the walls of Newgate. Here, too, whether as in bygone times outside the prison walls in front of the debtors' door, or as now-a-days within the privacy of its gloomy walls, many a miscreant has expiated his crimes by the forfeit of his life, and not the least revolting records of this prison are those which furnish us details about the callous demeanour of the great generality of the sufferers, and the unnecessary, not to say wanton, cruelty, inflicted on them sometimes by the officials of the prison themselves, always by the hideous howling crowds that came out to see them die.

When at the close of the last century the French people went mad in a body, they gathered daily in thousands round the scaffolds they had erected in every town, to feast their eyes, the women worse than the men, with the mortal anguish of their victims. Terrible and perhaps unparalleled in the history of the world as was this most humiliating manifestation of fiendish cruelty, which knew no distinction of virtue or sex or age, and though there has been since that time more than one partial recurrence of the fit, a fit of frenzy it was, however direful in its consequences—a passing fit, and not a chronic malady.

And if the frenzy is inexcusable, there is at any rate an easy explanation of the portentous phenomenon. The religious faith of the people had been for long years sapped by the insidious propagandism of an infidel philosophy, and their minds had been filled with a keen sense of wrongs, some purely imaginary, others very real, by the sophistical harangues of artful demagogues, who, making capital out of the manifold errors and oppressive misgovernment of an absolute and irresponsible monarchy, played assiduously upon the feelings and prejudices of the multitude till its passions, kindled to a white heat, broke loose in universal conflagration.

But the horrible scenes enacted for years at the foot of the scaffold before Newgate, whilst falling little short in ruffianly brutality and heartless cruelty of the savagery displayed in times of quite exceptional popular delirium by the hordes of demons in human shape that danced and yelled and sang and knitted round the guillotine in Paris, were at no very remote period of our history almost a weekly occurrence, as much a matter of course and a spectacle to delight in, as the Lord Mayor's show, or a royal progress to Westminster for the opening of Parliament. To keep within the limits of our own age, in the opening years of this progressive nineteenth century, and long after, Monday morning rarely came round without contributing its quota to the gallows, often for comparatively venial offences. To the London rough these executions were a weekly and gratuitous public spectacle, more popular than even a prize-fight or a play, and were witnessed with interest by thousands of callous, coarse-minded, and semi-brutalized folk, who came for enjoyment and went away again undeterred by the solemn warning, and without manifesting a sign of terror or feeling of any kind other than one of satisfaction at the success of the performance. Whenever the public attention had been more than usually called to a particular crime, either on account of its atrocity, or the superior position of its perpetrator, or the doubtful issue of the trial, the attendance at the execution was certain to be enormous, the conduct of the mob heartless and disorderly in the extreme. On such occasions the streets and thoroughfares leading to Newgate were thronged, every window had its occupants, and the very roofs of the houses, whence a glimpse could be had of the scaffold, were made to serve as vantage-ground for crowds of eager spectators.

Thus in 1807 a crowd, amounting, it is said, to forty

thousand persons, assembled in front of Newgate to witness the execution of the murderers Holloway and Haggerty. The pressure was so great that a panic ensued; men, women, and children were trampled underfoot, and when the malefactors had been cut down and the gallows removed, the catastrophe was found to have exceeded the worst anticipations. Nearly one hundred persons lay dead or dying about the streets; in the number a sailor, his pockets full of bread and cheese, who, it was supposed, had come a long distance to see the fatal show. When Bellingham was executed in 1812 for the murder of Mr. Percival, the concourse was as great, though no more serious accidents occurred than those caused by the horns of a bullock, which, maddened by over-driving, forced its way through the crowd. It was computed that no fewer than one hundred thousand persons assembled in front of Newgate to see the forger Fauntleroy die in 1824. Greenacre was strangled in 1837, amid the loud execrations of an immense multitude; so was Courvoisier in 1840; so were the Mannings, husband and wife, in 1849. Of this last execution, which took place, not at Newgate, but at Horsemonger Lane Gaol, Charles Dickens, who had been an eye-witness of its attending horrors, wrote on the same day to the *Times*, stating his belief that "a sight so inconceivably awful as the wickedness and levity of the immense crowd collected at the execution this morning could be imagined by no man, and presented by no heathen land under the sun. The horrors of the gibbet, and of the crime which brought the wretched murderers to it, faded in my mind before the atrocious bearing, looks, and language of the assembled spectators. When I came upon the scene at midnight, the shrillness of the cries and the howls that were raised from time to time, denoting that they came from a concourse of boys and girls already assembled in the best places, made my blood run cold." It was the same or worse at the execution of the *Flowery Land* pirates in 1863. The concourse was as great, the demeanour of the crowd as brutal, their remarks as coarse and unfeeling. "S'help me, ain't it fine?" one costermonger was heard exclaiming to his companion. "Five of them, ali darkies, in a row!" The reply evinced equal satisfaction, as the speaker, with a profane oath, declared his readiness to act the part of Jack Ketch to the whole lot.

Never, perhaps, was execution more generally patronized than that of Franz Müller, in 1864, for the murder of

Mr. Briggs. Front seats and windows commanding a good view fetched exorbitant prices. As much as £25 was paid for a first-floor front, for, to the disgrace of the better-educated and better-bred public be it said, executions could still draw aristocratic loungers and used-up roués from the West End. A great crowd was expected, and a great crowd came. It came overnight, well-dressed and ill-dressed, old men and lads, women and girls, to while away the time, in spite of a heavy fall of rain, in one long hideous revelry of songs and laughter, drunken ribaldry, and lewd gaiety till day-break. When morning dawned, the character of the crowd was revealed more fully, as laughing, cursing, and shouting, young and old, men and women, sharpers, thieves, gamblers, betting-men, with the rakings of cheap singing-halls and billiard-rooms, heaved and struggled, and struggled and heaved, to and fro, in their strong efforts to get nearer where Müller was to die. The crowd was for a moment awed by the execution. But the slight, slow vibrations of the hanging body had hardly ended, when robbery and violence, loud laughter, fighting, obscene conduct, and still more filthy language broke out anew and reigned round the gallows far and near.

But enough of horrors. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* The most determined advocates of public executions were at last convinced by the steadily increasing popularity of these ghastly shows, that scenes so revolting could not possibly convey any great moral lesson, nor exercise the least deterrent effect. Since the year 1868, the infliction of capital punishment within the precincts of the gaol has become the law of the land. But though the old hideous spectacle is now, thank God, no longer possible, the masses that formerly took so prominent a part in it are still the same, unchanged, and unreformed, thrust out of sight, it is true, but ready at a moment's notice to come out of their holes, for the display, whenever the occasion offers, of all their old ferocity. It may be doubted whether any city in the world, professing itself Christian, has a population to show more degraded and brutalized than the men and women of the lower orders in modern London; a worse than heathen population, which, destitute of all religion, drags on some sort of animal existence, without knowledge of God or thought of a future state. Things have not come to this in a day. The slow process of deterioration has been going on steadily for years, ever since the light of the so-called Reformation first dawned upon us. The Protestant religion, however efficiently it may

act in some quarters as a kind of moral police force, or as a respectable makeshift for the old faith of our fathers among the better classes, is powerless, in spite of wealth and State support, to reach and influence the lower orders, not perhaps so much, at least in our times, for want of good will, as for want of knowledge how to set about the work. The State religion of this country is destitute of one of the chief marks by which—as was foretold by the prophet and by the Messiah Himself—men should be able to discern the true from a false gospel; it has no mission to preach to the poor, nothing to offer them which can satisfy their cravings, or alleviate their sorrows, or reconcile them to a hard lot. The souls of our poorer brethren, and particularly of the masses in our large towns, have, therefore, long been left to perish of spiritual starvation. Worse than this, their minds are now-a-days drinking in deep draughts of poison from the infidel and obscene publications scattered broadcast, without let or hindrance, over the land, by fanatical *doctrinaires* and godless demagogues. What the consequences to society may one day be, it is perhaps idle, certainly not pleasant, to conjecture. But it will be surprising if, with such antecedents as his, with the systematic training he is at present receiving in contempt of God, hatred of authority, impatience of restraint, and disregard of all law, human and Divine, King Mob in this country does not improve the occasion, whenever it presents itself, and better the instruction of the great French Revolution to outdo the horrors of even that terrible upheaval.

But to come back from this digression to Newgate. It is comparatively pleasant to turn from these outside scenes to the interior of the prison, and satisfactory to be able to record that the kindness, approaching to tenderness, which persons under sentence of death nearly always obtained from the prison officials, contrasted strongly with the rough reception the poor convict as invariably received at the hands of the public the moment he emerged through the debtor's door on to the scaffold. This rule had some, but a very few, exceptions. Foremost amongst these was the worse than cruelty which for long years shut out the poor Catholic sinner from the ministrations of his priests then, when he stood in direst need of them. It is only fair, however, to add that this grievance has long since been remedied, the priest having now-a-days free access to the prison, and being uniformly treated by the officials with a liberality, a kindness, and a courtesy not always extended to him, even in

Catholic countries. Another exception to the generally kind treatment of prisoners awaiting execution, was the unnecessary and harassing practice known as the *Condemned Sermon*, which was preached, with no little show and parade of solemnity, not so much *to* as *at* the poor wretches on the eve of their death, by the Ordinary of the gaol.

The proceedings had the appearance of a show rather than of a solemn religious service. Strangers were freely admitted to the sight, and the sheriffs attended in state, wearing their gold chains, while a pair of tall footmen in gorgeous liveries stood behind their chairs. In the centre of the chapel was the condemned pew, a large dock-like erection painted black. Those who sat in it were visible to the whole congregation, and nearer still to the Ordinary, whose pulpit and desk were just in front and within a yard or two of the condemned. The occupant or occupants of this terrible black pew were always the last to enter the chapel, and their arrival was the signal for the commencement of the service. The dignified sheriffs, curious visitors, and smirking footmen were then all attention; the Ordinary unclasped his book, the turnkeys cried "Hush!" and the old clerk lifted up his cracked voice on high to say, "Let us sing to the praise and the glory of God." Then was sung the morning hymn, as if to remind the wretched condemned that on the morrow, at 8 a.m. they were to die. This was in due course followed by the "Lamentation of a sinner." Last of all came, as the climax to this most cheerful and invigorating rite, and as if for the express purpose of ingenious torture to the condemned, "The Service for the Dead."

All this is, however, intended to serve only as a suitable setting or frame-work of that which is the event of the morning, the sermon, and, as such, it serves its purpose admirably. For in his discourse the preacher improves the occasion to talk in solemn tones about bonds and punishments, shame, ignominy, and sorrow, weeping widows and helpless orphans, broken and contrite hearts, and death to-morrow for the benefit of society. Dilating upon these and other such cheerful subjects, the preacher concludes by drawing a moral from the case of the criminals before him, enlarging upon the heinousness of their crime, and warning the public against following so pernicious an example. The professed object of these sermons, so we are told, was to administer strength and comfort to the unhappy criminals in their dying moments, an object they will be thought



as likely to have attained, as Mr. Dennis the hangman's objurgations of his victims were calculated to put them in what he is represented as designating "a suitable frame of mind" for going through with the job "creditable—pleasant—sociable." This grotesque misapplication of religious services was in full force so late as at the execution of Courvoisier in 1840. The applications for admission to hear the sermon and watch the demeanour of the murderer were so numerous, that cards had to be issued, and though the service was not to commence till half-past 10, by 9 a.m. all the avenues to the prison gates were blocked by ticket-holders. Among the congregation sat five lords, several members of the House of Commons, and a few ladies. The Ordinary addressed himself, as usual, with greater emphasis than good taste and feeling to the condemned criminal, whose dejected looks denoted the extremity of his anguish as the parson proceeded to expatiate on the heinous nature of the offence for the perpetration of which he was about to die. This murderer was, however, the last convict who was thus heartlessly exhibited as a show to a crowd of morbidly curious spectators.

But it is not only by making a public show of our great criminals that we have unnecessarily embittered their last moments, to gratify that foible in the English character with which Shakespeare displays so thorough an acquaintance, where he represents Trinculo wishing himself safe in England with the man-monster Caliban as a sure means of raising the wind. We seem to have acquired, and up to a very recent period in our history exercised, quite a knack in the art of inflicting moral torture on our convicts, and in this respect our demeanour contrasts by no means favourably with the attitude of the general public in Catholic countries towards the condemned. Abroad, as in England, men will be moved by curiosity to come out and witness the death of a fellow-being, but whilst scenes so unutterably disgraceful and degrading as those which used to be regularly enacted at the foot of our gallows, rarely if ever occur, the thoughts of the multitude in lands warm with the light and love of Catholic truth are all taken up with anxiety to secure for the sufferer the grace of a happy death. In many Catholic cities, notably in Rome under the Popes, the Blessed Sacrament was often exposed in all the churches, whence intercession went up night and day to God for the conversion of the sinner. When Verger stabbed the Archbishop of Paris at St. Étienne du Mont in 1857, the magnitude of the scandal

and the horror men felt for this doubly sacrilegious murder had for its immediate effect to intensify the prayers which ultimately won the grace of repentance for the wretched assassin. But in no case is there the least pre-occupation in the mind of the people as to the public admission by the prisoner of the righteousness of his sentence. Men take it for granted that, in a Christian country, no one will be sent to his doom so long as there is room for even the shadow of a reasonable doubt about his guilt. In the meantime, guilty or innocent before the law, it is of the last consequence that the convict should die in the peace of God.

Things are ordered differently, but not for the better, in Protestant England. No doubt the newspapers, which cater for the morbid curiosity of their readers, besides keeping them thoroughly informed as to the demeanour of the condemned, and posting them well up with details about his sleep, appetite, and latest sayings, will also duly go on to state whether the doomed man is or is not decently attentive to the spiritual ministrations of the parson and the scripture-reader, but the one thing with which the mind of the intelligent British public is pre-occupied on these interesting occasions, the one fact it longs to learn, is whether the criminal has confessed his guilt and admitted the justice of his sentence. "Confess your sins to God," says the Catholic priest to the convict, "and hear from the lips of him, to whom God has given commission to receive your humble avowal, and delegated His great prerogative of mercy in the Sacrament of Penance, the assurance of that pardon you can no longer expect on earth." "Confess your sin to man," cries the parson, putting theological scruples and consistency into his pocket at the bidding of public opinion, "confess before the world the wrong you have done society; thus and thus only shall you hope to receive pardon of God for your misdeeds." What right, it may be asked, has society or any merely human authority to wring in every case from the dying culprit a confession, reluctant and half-hearted as that which was wrung at the very last moment by a Lutheran minister from the lips of Franz Müller in 1864? On what ground is the culprit to be called upon to plead "guilty" after, any more than before conviction? It cannot be for the sole satisfaction of judge and jury, for the peace of their conscience, and to enable them to sleep secure, that when the wretch they have sent to his doom is past recalling, no further evidence will turn up to reveal

the most hideous of all miscarriages of justice. No, it cannot be that, because our judges never fail to point out in the evidence all that can possibly tell for the prisoner, and to impress upon the jury, humane men for the most part, only too anxious to lean to the side of mercy, that they are bound to give him the benefit of any reasonable doubt such evidence may have left in their minds as to his guilt. The evidence, then, was so strong as to warrant a conviction, or it was not. If it was, why need they fret and be anxious? If it was not, they should have acquitted the accused, and not run the obvious risk of committing judicial murder. In any case, the only confession that will satisfy the public is an admission of guilt; no protestation of innocence, however loud, solemn, and reiterated, would, under any circumstances, secure belief or avail to quash the conviction. It is not so many years since a young man, Habron by name, was condemned to death at Manchester for a murder committed by the miscreant Peace. In vain he protested his innocence, and laboured to show, what afterwards proved to be the truth, that at the time of the murder he was sleeping peaceably in his bed at a remote distance from the scene of the crime. Fortunately, the sentence was commuted into penal servitude for life, where the unhappy man would be languishing at this hour, if it had not been for the admissions made before his death by Peace himself. Peace's was an altogether exceptional case, for though he does not appear to have done anything to throw suspicion from himself on to Habron, he was under the circumstances, it may perhaps be fairly urged, bound by the law of charity, if not of strict justice, to exculpate an innocent man, even at the cost to himself of publicly avowing another crime besides that for which he was condemned to suffer.

On the whole, then, there is reason to fear that this nervous anxiety of the public to wring a confession of his guilt from the convict under sentence of death is, in too many cases, not based on moral grounds at all, but that what underlies it is a morbid curiosity to know the details of the crime, to learn the manner and the method of its perpetration, together with other secrets of this nature, still, perhaps, shrouded in mystery, and which the culprit is about to carry with him, securely wrapped in his own breast, into the next world.

Moreover, the public avowal of his guilt by the convict, which does not necessarily import repentance or change of heart, is after all a poor reparation to society for the outrage done to it

by the crime, if to the scandal of his life the culprit adds the further and still greater scandal of an unholy death. In this respect at least the demeanour of the Catholic convict, under sentence of death, will be found, generally speaking, to contrast favourably with the bearing of his Protestant companion in guilt and misfortune. It is rare, indeed, that when brought at last face to face with a violent and ignominious death, the Catholic criminal is so dead to faith and conscience, so utterly forgetful of the lessons learnt in childhood, that the temporal punishment he is about to undergo does not, with God's grace, bring the prodigal back to repentance, and, whilst taking the life of his body, rescue his soul from eternal death. Not the least ghastly portions of Major Griffiths' work are those wherein he furnishes his readers with details about the godless fashion in which notorious criminals, who in the great majority of cases were certainly not Catholics, whatever else they may have been, have demeaned themselves in their last moments. To instance only a very few terrible cases of recent times: Catherine Wilson the poisoner evinced neither sorrow for her crimes nor fear of the penalty they entailed. Marley, the murderer of one Richard Cope, a jeweller, was only less repulsively callous. He slept well and heartily. One day, as St. Sepulchre's clock was striking the hour, he looked up at the officials and said laughingly, "Go along clock; come along gallows." On the dread morning of his execution he tripped quite gaily up the stairs to the scaffold. Wainwright's demeanour was one of reckless effrontery steadily maintained to the last, and only outdone by his cool contempt of the consolations of religion. The night before his execution he was allowed a cigar, when he calmly recounted the story of his villainous intrigues one by one to the Governor of the gaol. In this way the once exemplary Sunday School teacher went impenitently, and more jauntily than even William Palmer, to the gallows. Often the poor wretches give way to despair. Bousfield, whose execution was so terribly bungled, made a determined attempt to burn himself to death, and Miller, the Chelsea murderer, tried to kill himself by dashing his head against the walls of his cell. As a rule, however, they are buoyed up with hope to the last, and only too many, like Lefroy and Lamson, clinging desperately to life, waste the precious moments which should be given to God and the best interests of souls in idle efforts to secure a reprieve.

The late Phoenix Park tragedy furnishes another and by no

means the least striking example of the melancholy contrast observable in the demeanour of Catholic and non-Catholic convicts on the scaffold. There are obvious features of a remarkable resemblance, in all but one most important particular, between the story of the notorious Cato Street Conspiracy and that of the Irish Invincibles executed last year. Both conspiracies were of a political character, both had for their object the "removal" of obnoxious Government officials, and both resulted in murder. In each case a conviction was obtained on the evidence of an informer, and in each case five men were sent to the gallows. So far the parallel is perfect, but here the likeness ends; for whereas the poor Irish convicts made to a man such reparation as they could for their misdeeds by sincere repentance and a truly Christian death, the behaviour of the English conspirators was, sad to say, shocking and reckless in the extreme. Of all the five only one listened thankfully and patiently to the chaplain; the rest scornfully declined his ministrations. Two of them actually sucked oranges on the scaffold, whilst a third, especially defiant, nodded familiarly to a friend in the crowd, told the executioner to pull the rope tight, to "do it tidy," and, just before he was turned off, yelled out in a state of hysterical exultation three cheers to the populace facing him. The bodies of the five men were decapitated after hanging for half an hour, this being the last execution which has taken place in England for high treason.

Only one word more and then, none too soon perhaps, this paper of ghastly horrors shall come to an end. Reference has already been made to the more than usually brutal behaviour of the crowd which came to see the pirates of *The Flowery Land* die at the Old Bailey in 1863. Major Griffiths does not tell, because perhaps he had never himself been told, the edifying manner of their death. Of the eight arraigned for murder on the high seas, five only suffered the extreme penalty of the law, and of these again four were Catholics. It is perhaps not generally known that the latter were attended during the fortnight which elapsed between their sentence and its execution, as well as on the scaffold itself, by the late saintly Father Hermann and two other Carmelite Friars. In the *Life of Father Hermann*, written by the Abbé Sylvain, lately translated into English, will be found a detailed and circumstantial account given in the Father's own words of the penitent deaths of these four men. All young men (the oldest of them was not more than six and twenty), of a

wild and half savage race and convicted of atrocious cruelty, they were changed under the influence of grace from wolves into lambs. The night before their execution they spent in prayer, and with the reception of the Holy Viaticum the terrors of death seemed to disappear before the brightness of the divine life they had received in the embrace of a merciful God. With the emblems of their faith, crucifix, rosary, and scapular, about them, they bade a last farewell to their respited comrades, and after kneeling to receive one more absolution, were brought out in the early morning and placed under the gibbet in full view of thirty thousand spectators. It is not to be wondered at if, as Major Griffiths relates, one or more of the convicts were for a moment unnerved by the sight of the eager upturned faces and by the dull murmur of the surging crowd. As the priests pressed to the side of their penitents holding up the crucifix for them to kiss, making acts of faith, hope, love, and contrition, and invoking aloud the Holy Name, Lopez, the Spaniard, broke asunder the cord which bound his arms, and lifting the cap from off his face traced the sign of our redemption on his forehead, lips, and heart; then, thrice striking his heart, he spoke to the crowd the only English word he knew: "Pardon, pardon, pardon!" A shout of sympathy broke from the multitude, but at the same moment the plank was gone and the five men were left hanging in the air.

The *Times* newspaper in its remarks upon this five-fold execution observed that, when the corpses came to be inspected, it was noticed with surprise that the faces of four of the men had undergone no alteration, but were calm and composed as if in a gentle sleep, while the fifth was hard to be recognized from the fearful contortions caused by the last agony. The same journal gives the name of this unfortunate man, who alone of the five murderers hanged was not a Catholic. This fact may, of course, be nothing more than a striking coincidence, but this, at any rate, is certain, that repentance sincere and heartfelt as the sorrow evinced for their misdeeds by these poor men can convert the direst of calamities into the greatest of spiritual blessings, so that the gallows, which to human eyes looks so dark and dreary, is often made bright in the gaze of angels with the radiance of God's sweet mercies. Not once but many times, we may hope, has the light of Calvary shone out on that awful spectacle at the Old Bailey. If it is humiliating to reflect that the crowds gathered there have generally borne only too close a family



likeness to the multitudes that thronged the hill-top on the first Good Friday, there is also comfort in the thought that the same contrite and humble spirit which obtained for the Penitent Thief his blessed assurance of pardon, has ere now won for the criminal even at Newgate the amazing grace of passing from earth to Heaven, almost before the horrid scene had passed from his eyes or the cruel shouting died away in his ears, to gaze upon the face of God for ever in Paradise.

WILLIAM LOUGHNAN.

## *Across Europe to Constantinople.*

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### PART THE SECOND.

THE Mosque of St. Sophia naturally leads us to speak of Islamism; and I will sum up here what little I have gathered about that important subject. "The career of Mahomet is a mystery of Providence," said one of the Fathers of St. Pulcheria. His words struck me, and whoever visits the East cannot fail to realize the truth of them, and to admit that the great False Prophet showed truly satanic sagacity in the way he adapted his system of belief to the habits and character of the Arab. By the Arab I mean the various races who are illumined by the sun of Africa or of Asia. The Arab is by nature religious, sensual, indolent, superstitious, tractable, and at the same time abstemious and capable of wonderful endurance of fatigue and privation. To satisfy their religious instinct and love of outward show, Mahomet has devised the worship of Allah by bodily prostrations and frequent ablutions, ablutions which are especially agreeable in warm countries and which are habitual to every Oriental. Borrowing his ideas from the Bible and Christianity, he has instituted rites which are really only profane imitations of our feasts; he demands rigorous exterior penances, prescribes the fast of the Ramazan, forbids the use of wine and spirits, and nourishes their credulity with the most absurd fables. The believer is taught to regard the Christian as an idolater and enemy of mankind; he is bound to hate him. The hatred of Christianity is like the blood of their veins, and the "Holy War" should be its extermination without mercy, without quarter. As the reward for their fidelity, Mahomet promises his followers the enjoyment of every pleasure in the world to come, and allows them during this life to indulge their sensual appetites.

Five times a day the faithful are called to prayer: at sunrise and sunset, at the third, sixth, and ninth hours, that is to say, at nine, at noon, and at three o'clock, for throughout the East the

hours are counted from the rising to the setting of the sun. It is a strange sight to see, at the hours appointed, the sudden appearance of all the *muezzims* on the balcony of the minarets, crying out simultaneously: *La illah ila Allah, oua Mohammed resoul Allah*—"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is His Prophet." But it is a spectacle still more strange, and I may say beautiful, to see the believers, at this signal, stop, and turning towards Mecca, spread their mat on the ground, or if they have not a mat their cloak, and prostrate themselves, and rise again ten times. The soldiers on guard, the Mussulmen on board ship, in the streets, in the square, all, without the least human respect, fulfil their duty. More than one Christian might take a lesson from them.

But the three great devotions prescribed by the Koran, and which form the basis of the Mahometan religion, are, first, the Ramazan, which lasts forty days, and commences as soon as the *ulemas* of Brousse have caught sight of the new moon rising behind Mount Olympus. From sunrise to sunset it is forbidden to eat or drink anything. If you pay a call during the Ramazan, the Turk will offer you the customary cigarette, but he will not smoke himself; some even go so far as not to inhale the smoke of tobacco. This must be an immense privation to the Moslem, who, deprived of his favourite occupation, lounges and sleeps away the languid hours. But when the cannon announces the disappearance of the sun, then each one is free to satisfy his appetite all night long, until the dawning light enables him to distinguish a white thread from a black. They do not fail to profit by the permission. I may add that this fast, though so strictly observed externally, is accompanied by very little of that interior self-abnegation which constitutes the chief merit of all expiatory penance.

But when the fortieth sun has set, as soon as the first rays of the new sun gild the sky, a volley of twenty-one guns from all the neighbouring cannons announces the Baïram. This is the Feast of Feasts; five times daily during three days the cannon repeats its joyous salute. On the first morning of the Baïram the Sultan, with great pomp, repairs to the mosque, and from thence to the palace of Dolma-Bagtché, where the ceremony of kissing his hand takes place.

Only Turks and the chief European functionaries are allowed to be present. The Sultan sits on his throne, wearing the fez, surmounted by the famous aigrette of diamonds. The

chief *ulema*, or Sheik of Islam, in a green cloak and white turban, embroidered with gold, presents himself the first. He walks solemnly, as becomes Oriental gravity, and, to add to his dignity, leans upon two of his highest dignitaries. He bows very slightly. The Sultan rises at his approach, descends from his throne, addresses him in a few words, and receives from him a sort of blessing. After the chief *ulema* come the first eunuch and the principal officers of the Crown, but these all prostrate themselves upon the ground. A scarf, embroidered with gold and precious stones, rests on the arm of the throne; the Great Vizier holds one end of it, the other is kissed by each one in turn, as representing the garment of the Sultan. During these three days Constantinople offers a scene of curious animation. Tables are spread in the streets; eating and drinking and smoking goes on; all the women are out, more or less veiled, and enveloped in their mantles of red, green, or blue. It is indeed a motley and merry crowd that fills the streets, the bridges, the boats, and covers the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus with a whole nation of holiday-makers.

There is another feast similar to the Baïram, equally solemn, but more agreeable, because not purchased by a Ramazan. This is the feast of Courban-Baïram (the feast of sacrifice). As just now you recognized without difficulty the imitation of our Lent and Easter, so here you will find an observance which will remind you of one of the Jewish festivals recorded in the Bible. It is well known that each year the Moslems make a pilgrimage to Mecca. The official pilgrimage, directed by the Pasha of Damascus, in the name of the Sultan, starts with great ceremony from Damascus itself, and is recruited by large numbers of believers as it proceeds, till at last it becomes less a caravan, than an army of thirty thousand to forty thousand men, marching across the desert. A carpet presented by the Sultan, and destined to cover the tomb of the Prophet during the coming year, is carried by the pilgrims, who also take back the one which last served that purpose. On their arrival in Mecca, each one of the believers must immolate a sheep, and, I will remark in passing, that it is this multitude of carcasses left to decay in the open air, that gives rise to the pestilence which invariably follows the pilgrimage to Mecca. The immolation of sheep that takes place at Mecca, is made on the same day in every part of the Mussulman Empire. The Sultan, with great pomp repairs to the Mosque, and gives the signal by slaying the

first sheep himself. Then during the next three days all the solemnities of the Baïram are renewed, accompanied with universal rejoicings. Being anxious to know the object of this feast, I inquired of one of the chief officers of the seraglio, a learned and devout Moslem. The following is the explanation I received from him :

"According to the Mahometan faith, there is a bridge which every believer must cross before he can enter Paradise. This bridge is no wider than a hair, as sharp as a sword, and perfectly dark. It takes three hundred years to cross it. Beneath is a sea of boiling water into which whoever falls is lost for ever. The bridge can only be traversed upon the back of a sheep sacrificed during the feast of Courban-Baïram. Therefore every Mussulman is bound to sacrifice, each time the said feast comes round, as many sheep as there are members in his family. A certain sheik, of the sect of the Dervishes, rather inclined to be incredulous, did not believe very much in the existence of such a bridge. Consequently he more than once neglected to sacrifice the sheep at the Courban-Baïram. His wife was very much distressed about it, and one day, as the feast was approaching, she implored her husband to buy the sheep as prescribed by the Koran. The dervish solemnly promised to do so. He went to the market; and as soon as he returned home his wife hastened down to assure herself that he had fulfilled his promise. What was her horror on beholding no sheep, but only an immense fish. Her husband, seeing her sorrow, proceeded to explain how, the passage over the bridge being very dangerous even for the most expert sheep, he thought it would be wiser not to risk the bridge at all, but rather to try and cross the water beneath it on the back of a good strong fish, which would at least find itself in its own element. I do not hesitate, he added, to prefer the fish, at least I mean to try the experiment. The wife of the dervish, though she felt that this way of thinking was not quite orthodox, consoled herself by admiring the wisdom of her good husband."

This little trait, to which we could add many more, gives some idea of the credulity of this people, of the absurdity of the fables of the Koran, and of the degrading nature of Islamism.

The imperial mosques have schools attached to them, where those who aspire to become *ulemas*, or doctors of the law, are

trained, and obtain their degrees by long and laborious studies. The Koran being the sole law of the Moslem, the *ulema* is regarded as the infallible arbitrator in all judicial questions; his judgment, once given, is never revoked. The power of the *ulemas* is a check on that of the Sultan himself; and it is the Sheik-ul Islam who decides in all important political measures whether of peace or war.

All *ulemas* do not attain to the first rank, this depends on the degree of studies they pass, and their appointments and salaries differ accordingly.

Besides the *ulemas* there are the dervishes, or Turkish monks. One class known as the "dancing Dervishes" hardly deserve to be mentioned. They perform an extraordinary waltz-like movement, whence they obtain their name. Extending their arms and raising their eyes to heaven, they whirl round and round till they are exhausted. So rapid is the rotation that their large blue robes become inflated like a balloon, and give them a most ludicrous appearance. The "Howling Dervishes" are a much more serious and austere sect. Ranged in a double row down three sides of a square room they alternately recite prayers from the Koran and make discordant music with tamborines and cymbals. The chief dervish then rises and stands at the end of the room; behind him is a niche wherein are suspended cutlasses, pikes, sabres, lances, and other weapons. With a gravity verging on the ridiculous, he directs the movements of the assembly, making signs with his head. After certain preliminary gesticulations the howling begins. All rise, and bending forwards and backwards, then right and left, all exactly together, they repeat, "Il Allah! Il Allah!" their voices keeping time with their movements. At first the movement is soft and slow, but gradually gets quicker and louder, till at last they rock themselves wildly to and fro, and shout "Il Allah! Il Allah" with all their strength, like so many lunatics. At the end of half an hour or thereabouts, strength and voice being well nigh exhausted, the commotion gradually subsides. It is horrible to see, still worse to hear, but the saddest part of the ceremony has not yet commenced. As soon as the staggering and panting actors have recovered their equilibrium, and stillness again prevails, the chief dervish takes off his slippers and stands on a mat prepared for the purpose. Two little children about fifteen or eighteen months of age are now brought to the assistant dervishes, who caress them till they are wanted for the



approaching ceremony. Then a big Turk advances, and after kissing the hand of the dervish, prostrates himself at his feet. The chief dervish, leaning slightly upon two of his assistants places his right foot between the shoulders of the prostrate Turk, then does the same with the left foot, after which he stands without support on the back of the individual, who, the moment after rises joyfully, and kissing the hand of his benefactor retires. So far there was nothing very dreadful, the fellow had a good strong back well able to bear the weight of the dervish. But when it comes to the turn of the children, and they have to go through the same operation, the case is different. The poor little things shrieked most pitifully, and their cries went to our hearts. What does it all mean? The child is supposed thus to be cured of some disease or malady, for to the horrors of the howling these fanatics add a sort of absurd quackery.

#### THE SUBLIME PORTE.

This name recalls the ancient and formerly universal custom in the East, of administering justice and transacting business at the gates of cities and palaces. Hence, metaphorically, the word "porte" is synonymous with power and strength. Of this the Bible furnishes us with many examples; thus we read that Jesus Christ, speaking in the figurative language of the East, said to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build My Church, and the gates (*porte*) of Hell shall not prevail against it."

At Constantinople the Sublime Porte is the palace and centre of government, although the Sultan does not reside there. The vast and rather nondescript buildings of which it is composed are inhabited by the Grand Vizier and his suite, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of the Interior, and it is rightly regarded as the heart of the Ottoman Empire. Turkey possesses three great sources of power, and also three elements of decay. The first source of strength lies in its army. The soldiers, though they are ill-clad and ill-paid, and live on onions and bread, are strong, hardy, and capable of much patient endurance; they fight desperately when brought face to face with the enemy. Were the officers like the men, the Turk would once again, as in days of yore, make Europe tremble. We have sometimes met with soldiers who had been discharged because it was impossible any longer to maintain them. For eighteen months they had not received a *piastre*, and when dismissed,

only one month's pay had been given them to defray the expenses of their journey ; yet they seemed perfectly contented, and only remarked, "It is of no use complaining, since the Sultan has not the money to pay us!" The lower orders in Turkey, and more especially the peasants, form a far firmer social basis than is generally supposed in Europe ; they are an honest, upright, kindly, much-enduring race, extremely hospitable, and always ready to share with the stranger the shelter of their roof and their humble fare. The Maltese, and still more the Greeks, who throng the streets and wear the national costume, must not be mistaken for the Turks, as they are of a very different character. The Greek is what he ever was, cunning, avaricious, and a liar. Confide your life and your money to the safe keeping of a Turk, and he will answer for both with his own head ; do the same to a Greek, and he will leave you your life and make off with your money.

Religious fanaticism is the great secret of the strength of Turkey ; it was this that gave victory to the conquering race of the Osmanlis, and this power is centred in the Sublime Porte, which is peopled by a motley crowd of official personages, said to be very numerous, composed of ex-pachas, sheiks, and ambitious Osmanlis, anxious to rise. Surrounded by the Turks of Stamboul, they cling to the memories of the Holy War, living in the past, without which they feel life would be meaningless and the future a blank. The Koran is to them what the ark was to the Jews of old. Intriguing and skilful in business matters, to European diplomacy they oppose an imperturbable immobility ; and though they now tolerate the presence of Europeans, with their manufactures and reforms, at heart they detest the intruder, and whenever occasion offers they will ruthlessly rob and murder him. In the Sublime Porte we see Stamboul as it is—a type of Oriental inertia, and of the Turkish character, fanatical, warlike, abstemious, despising alike commerce, literature, science, and art.

But Turkey also possesses three elements of decay, first and foremost amongst which are Government exactions. In every department a regular system of pillage is pursued, I ought rather to say a theft of the public funds, which drains the treasury and impoverishes the people. The officials have no regular salaries payable from the Imperial treasury—each must pay himself as best he can ; the pacha draws his income from his province, the sheik from the village under his rule. High

functionaries, who have the management of the finances, take care to pay themselves first—the others must shift for themselves. The pachas are indispensable to social life in Turkey; each pacha has to keep up his harem, and maintain a crowd of slaves and parasites. This costs a great deal, consequently the taxation is heavy and the people are oppressed. The war with Russia completely exhausted the finances, and there seems but little reason to hope that the balance will ever be restored. If further difficulties should arise the total ruin of the Empire must almost inevitably follow.

But the real sword of Damocles, ever threatening destruction, is the concealed but relentless enmity which always exists between the Sublime Porte and the Sultan. The crown does not descend in a direct line, but goes to the eldest prince of the royal family. Thus, at the death of the present Sultan, his brother will ascend the throne; his son will be merely a prince of the Imperial family, and will reign or not reign, according as he may happen to be the eldest of the family or not. Hence, if he be ambitious, how easily a quarrel may arise! On the other hand the Vizier is nominated by the Sultan, and may be deposed by him at will. Nevertheless, the Sublime Porte is a formidable power, and if the Grand Vizier and his colleagues oppose the will of their master, or if the Sultan be bold enough to disregard the Vizier and dictate to him, he may excite a rebellion difficult to quell, for the Sublime Gate claims, and is considered by the people to be, the true guardian of Turkish liberty. Should the women of the harem turn against the Sultan, he stands great risk of being strangled or stabbed in his bed. It is perhaps this dread that makes the present Sultan so prudent.

#### DOMESTIC CUSTOMS.

The furniture in a Turkish house is generally limited to sofas covered with rich stuffs and embroidered with silk and gold, and which form the divan. Carpets are considered a great luxury, and it is perhaps out of their regard for them that you are expected to leave your shoes at the entrance of a carpeted room and put on a sort of morocco leather slippers, which the slaves have in readiness in all houses of any pretension. The beds consist of one or two mattresses, laid on the floor at night and put away in cupboards in the morning. The service of the table is extremely simple; very little silver or earthenware is used,

but the courses are extremely numerous and the cooking excellent. Coffee, sherbet, and sweetmeats are served in gold and silver vessels; they are considered very important, and are seldom omitted. The principal luxury of the Turks is the number of slaves employed, especially in the harem. After these, the chief expenditure is on carpets, rich materials, Indian shawls, furs, and jewellery, which the women have in profusion, and which the stronger sex by no means despise. Great pride is taken in the number and trappings of horses, which are often to be seen literally laden with gold and precious stones.

As a rule the Turkish houses follow no particular style of architecture, but they are generally very commodious, being mostly of wood, and built after no precise plan. In the country these habitations stand in the midst of spacious gardens, and are as a rule surrounded by *kiosques*, slight structures consisting of one or two rooms, where the host sometimes receives his friends and drinks coffee. The bath-room is one of the most important parts of a rich man's house; it is all of marble, with handsome pillars supporting a domed roof whence the light enters. The atmosphere of the apartment is kept at an even temperature by means of steam, and the water, heated by a boiler concealed beneath the floor, is supplied by pipes which run up the wall and open near the roof. The bath holds an important place in the daily life of Orientals. The women make quite a ceremony of it, and often spend hours in it, having their meals brought in by slaves in covered dishes reserved for the purpose.

#### EXTERNAL LIFE.

Open air parties form a favourite diversion of the harems. A meeting place being fixed upon, usually in some retired and pretty spot, several harems repair thither, taking with them whatever they may require during the rest of the day. On arriving at the appointed *rendezvous*, shawls and cushions are spread upon the ground, so as to form a sort of divan, and the ladies reclining or sitting in groups, settle themselves as comfortably as possible to enjoy a few idle hours together. Sellers of sweets, cakes, fruits, ices, &c., hover about each group, and the fair purchasers being all abundantly supplied with refreshments, conversation becomes general, and the mirth and feasting continue until the party breaks up.

The Turkish women are allowed to go about wherever they

please, provided they wear a veil to hide their features, behave with becoming reserve, and are accompanied by one or more slaves. No man may salute or look at a woman in the streets, without committing a breach of etiquette and bringing great disagreeables on himself.

The relations of Turkish women between themselves are not limited to visits of a few minutes, as is the case in our society. It is customary to announce the visit the evening before, so that the hostess may not be taken by surprise, but have time to prepare a reception suitable to her guests. For it is a case of receiving, not one person only, but a whole harem, sometimes with the children, and the laws of hospitality differ according to circumstances and the rank of the visitors. Sometimes the visit is made early in the morning. Slaves, attired in the picturesque costumes of the country, and adorned with flowers and jewels, conduct the guests to their mistresses' apartments. As soon as the first formal greetings are over, and all are seated, the slaves come forward to remove the veil and cloak of each lady, and then immediately begin to serve the refreshments, which consist of preserves made of rose-leaves or whatever fruit is in season, cakes, ices, and coffee. The coffee is brought in an urn suspended by chains, not unlike a thurible. A slave pours a few drops into elegant little cups of the most delicate china, richly encased in silver or enamel, and often ornamented with precious stones. Other slaves take these cups one by one, very carefully with the tips of their fingers, and present them, keeping their eyes cast down and the left hand on the breast, an attitude which in the East expresses respect. After the coffee everyone begins to smoke and talk and make herself quite at home, changing her seat or walking about to speak to different friends. No further ceremony is observed until the visitors prepare to depart. They generally leave just in time to be home before sunset, as women are not supposed to be out of doors when darkness comes on.

#### CHRISTIANITY AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

From a Christian point of view Constantinople presents a sad spectacle. One cannot help reverting in thought to the days of a Basil and a Chrysostom, when the Catholic faith had made the Imperial city one of the most beautiful branches of the Church. The Greek schism, in falling away from Catholic unity, became subject to the Eastern Empire, and at the present time the

degradation which the pride of the Greek clergy has led to is so complete, that even the authority of the Patriarch is dependent on the will of the Sultan.

With the exception of St. Sophia and a few other churches now transformed into mosques, every souvenir of the ancient faith has disappeared. The Turk has demolished everything. It is true that perfect liberty is allowed for the exercise of all religions, and the Dominican Fathers told us that even the procession of Corpus Christi is permitted to pass through the Jewish and Mussulman streets, and erect *reposoirs* against the tower of Galata. And, stranger still, an escort of Turkish soldiers accompanies it with military honours, whilst in Catholic France the French soldiers are forbidden by the President of the Republic to present arms to the God of their faith and of their country. But in spite of this exterior liberty and toleration the Mussulman cherishes a bitter hatred towards the Christian. The Latins are few in number, barely twenty thousand; they are lost in the multitude of Turks, Persians, and Arabs, who are all believers in the Koran. It is a hopeless task to attempt to convert the Mahometans, and scarcely less so the Jews, who are likewise very numerous. As for the Greek schismatics, they far surpass in numbers and wealth all other Christian communities. Their churches are beautiful, their schools numerous. The Patriarch, who assumes the position of Pope of the East, occupies a sumptuous residence at Phanar, and seeks to raise his clergy by training them in his large colleges and seminaries at Khalki, in Prince's Island. Obstinate in schism, the Greeks are difficult to bring back to unity, and when they seem to return to us, it is often money rather than grace that leads to the change. Among the Armenians, however, a most happy movement towards the Catholic Church has taken place. The Catholics, as yet, do not number more than twelve thousand, but Mgr. Azarian, *Peter the Tenth*, their Patriarch, is full of confidence about the future. More than once I said Mass in the Armenian Cathedral of Pera; each time I was received with the greatest kindness. Every year Mgr. Azarian sends several of his seminarists to be trained in France.

The Gregorian Fathers have a poor little church beyond the French cemetery, outside Constantinople. They have been happily inspired to erect a statue of Our Lady of Lourdes in an unpretending chapel, which has become a favourite object of pilgrimage—even the Mussulmans visit it daily. The Mussulman



has a real veneration for Mary ; the reason why they honour her is probably because she is the Mother of a great Prophet, for amongst them the mother's authority is supreme in the family. Just in the same way they honour the Sultana, as being the mother of the Sultan. Graces innumerable have been granted at this little shrine ; of the principal of these a record is kept by the Gregorian Fathers. On one occasion a member of the Royal harem, who had gone incognito to entreat the intercession of Mary, full of thankfulness at having obtained the desired answer to her prayers, went to tell the Fathers of her cure. They obtained her permission to draw up a formal account of it, to which they subsequently asked her to append her signature. " I can neither read or write," answered the Sultana, " but wait a moment." So saying she dipped her finger into the inkstand, and made three great blots on the document. We can vouch to having seen these blots with our own eyes, and are therefore in a position to testify to the high degree of literary cultivation found amongst the ladies of the harem !

A numerous band of apostolic labourers are employed on the mission of Constantinople, a toilsome and thankless field though it be. It possesses a Vicar Apostolic—when we were there Mgr. Vanelli filled the post—but he is not recognized officially by the Sultan. The Lazarist Fathers have a College at Galata, and serve the Church of St. Benedict. Wiser in Constantinople than in France, the Republic has entrusted the chapel of the French Embassy to the Capuchins, whom, in their own country, they have turned out of doors. The Italian Fathers of the Society of Jesus have a large College at Pera ; the Christian Brothers three houses, in which they have gathered altogether more than nine hundred children ; the Dames de Sion have two flourishing houses at Pera and Kadi-Kent. The French hospital at Taxim, and several orphanages and dispensaries, are managed by the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul. Several communities of Italian nuns are located in different parts of the town. Thus European Catholics need find no difficulty in practising their religion in Constantinople. Unfortunately, very few European families have fixed their residence permanently in the city. The greater number of the Catholics—Italians, French, and Spaniards—only go there to make their fortunes, or to get out of the way for a time. These unstable and heterogeneous elements form a very unsatisfactory flock. The seed which is to produce some day a large harvest must be sown in the hearts

of the children during the period of their education. There lies the hope of the future, and in this respect St. Pulcheria seems to me to be one of the most important posts of the mission.

The Turks have no schools, neither have they any libraries, academies, or museums, for the *medresseh* attached to each mosque, where the *ulemas* teach the children to read the Koran, does not deserve the name of a school. The Mussulman professes to despise European science, but he cannot resist the spirit of the age. The pachas, constantly mixing with Europeans, begin to wish their children to know more, and some of them already send their sons and daughters to our schools, and it is to be hoped that the good thoughts instilled into these young hearts may find their way into the homes of the parents and bear fruit in a future generation. The perversity and immorality of the scholars is often discouraging to the Christian Brothers, but there can be no doubt that much good is being done, and that in time the patience of the teachers will be rewarded. *Qui incrementum dat Deus!*

### *The Intellectual Status of Deaf-Mutes.*

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IN the January number of the *Nineteenth Century* appeared an article from the pen of Mr. Herbert Spencer, entitled, "Religion: a Retrospect and Prospect." With the article as a whole I do not intend to deal; but when a man of the supposed intellectual eminence of Mr. Herbert Spencer takes upon himself to attempt the destruction of the beliefs which have been, and will, in spite of him and his school, continue to be the strong hope and consolation of millions of souls, as well as the guiding influence and animating principle of future lives, we have at least the right to expect that his assertions shall be on the whole correct as to *facts*. But this is just what Mr. Herbert Spencer is not. Near the commencement of the article he writes as follows: "A brute thinks only of things which can be touched, seen, heard, tasted, &c., and the like is true of the untaught child, the *deaf-mute*, and the savage. But the developing man has thoughts about existence which he regards as usually intangible, inaudible, invisible, and yet which he regards as operative upon him." Now here he places untaught children, savages (by whom I suppose he means those races of men who have not yet been brought under the influence of modern civilization), and deaf-mutes, upon the same level as the brute beasts. I might maintain with truth that children and savages, being human thinking beings, have, even in the lowest stage, thoughts and aspirations far above this level, and the very fact of their being capable of being educated in a manner with results impossible with the brutes, is a positive proof of this.

But there is another class, included in this sweeping assertion, to whom, if possible, even greater injustice is done than to the children and savages—I mean deaf-mutes. Here there is no qualifying epithet of "untaught," but it is roundly said, deaf-mutes are, as regards intellectual activity, on a par with the brutes. The writer of such a sentiment can never have seen, or conversed with, a deaf-mute, or it would have been impos-

sible for him to have written this. Now what is a deaf-mute? A person who is either born, or has been from some cause, soon after birth, deprived of one, and in some cases of two, of the ordinary organs given to mankind. I say of one of these organs, because "mutism" is, generally speaking, only the result of deafness. Do away with the consequence of this deafness by teaching the deaf person—as is now done by means of articulation—to understand and to make himself understood, and he is no longer mute. Some few cases of paralysis of the speaking organs do exist, and in these cases the deaf-mute can be taught and can make himself understood by signs. But in all other respects the *normal* deaf-mute is intellectually the same as normal hearing and speaking persons. His mind is as capable of development, his soul of being imbued with morality and religion; those intangible, inaudible, and invisible things of which Mr. Spencer speaks have the same influence upon him as upon other "developing men."

The ancient Greeks and Romans were of Mr. Spencer's opinion, and deaf-mutes were often destroyed as useless incumbrances, and this is an usage not yet extinct amongst the Hindoos and other heathen nations. The Egyptians alone saw that these outcasts were capable of being educated, and trained them to become pantomimists, and as such they amused the populace of Rome in the days of the Empire, and this led gradually to some amelioration of their condition.

But it was Christianity, that Christianity at which Mr. Spencer and his disciples are so fond of sneering, which, following the example of her Divine Founder, gathered pitifully into her compassionate arms the wretched and despised. It is true that the scientific method of educating deaf-mutes was reserved for modern times, but they were no longer placed, as Mr. Spencer would still place them, upon a level with the brutes. The ancient Fathers held with St. Augustine that they remained in a state of baptismal innocence, and many traces exist of their presence and tender treatment in the religious houses of the earlier and middle ages.

The first instance which history recounts of speech being acquired by a deaf-mute is in the Life of St. John of Beverley, Archbishop of York in 685. Every week a deaf-mute presented himself at his gates to ask for an alms, which was as regularly bestowed upon him. The charitable prelate upon these occasions was much struck by remarking in the gestures of this poor

unfortunate, and his tears, the gratitude he showed to his benefactor. This and the intelligent expression of his *protégé* suggested to the Saint the idea of instructing him in the Christian doctrine by means of articulate speech. His efforts were crowned with success; soon the pupil learnt to read words and sentences off the lips of his protector, and by this means received religious instruction. St. John of Beverley was thus the first founder of the school of artificial articulation which has been revived in our own days; for now deaf-mutes are taught to speak as St. John taught the poor Anglo-Saxon lad, and to read speech from the lips of others, and to comprehend not merely words, but also the meaning and intention of such words. St. John's success was looked upon as miraculous, and as a miracle it is related by the Venerable Bede. But even before the revival of articulation, deaf-mutes were educated, and comparatively well educated, by means of signs.

It is, however, not sufficient to make general assertions about the intellectual status of deaf-mutes. I will therefore place before my readers facts capable of proof—examples of deaf-mutes who have attained to some intellectual eminence, and also of ordinary deaf-mutes who have come under my own personal observation in a training school, which should be particularly interesting to Catholics as being the only one in England and Wales for the education of Catholic deaf-mutes—I speak of St. John of Beverley's Institution at Boston Spa, in Yorkshire. The first class I will only speak of shortly, for it is not extraordinary exceptions that prove a rule in a case like this, so much as the ordinary every-day people who are neither exceptionally clever nor too stupid, but who are in the majority amongst deaf-mutes as well as amongst hearing and speaking persons.

Juan Fernandez Navarette, commonly called "El Mudo" (the dumb), was born of noble parents at Logrono in 1526. In his third year he was attacked by a serious disease which, in depriving him of hearing, deprived him also of speech. He had no opportunity of learning articulation and lip-reading, as this method had not yet been introduced. In his childhood he expressed his ideas and wants by rough sketches in chalk or charcoal, learning to draw as other children learn to speak. His father placed him in a neighbouring monastery of Hieronymites at Estella, under the care of Friar Vincent di Santo Domingo, who had some knowledge of painting. This monk,

after teaching him all he knew, advised he should be sent to Italy. According to Stirling's *History of the Artists of Spain*, he was then very young. He visited Florence, Rome, Naples, and Milan, and is said to have studied for some time in the school of Titian at Venice. He soon acquired sufficient reputation to attract the notice of Don Luis Manrique, Grand Almoner of the King of Spain, and through him he was invited to Madrid, where in 1568 he was appointed Painter to his Majesty, with a yearly allowance of seven hundred ducats, besides the price of his works. The want of space will not allow me to enumerate his works, which are worthily placed amongst those of the great masters of his art. In one, of the "Nativity," the adoring shepherds were so finely treated that Cibaldo never looked at the picture without exclaiming, *O gli belli pastori!* He died at Toledo on March 28, 1579, in the fifty-third year of his age. Shortly before his death he confessed himself three times to the curate of Santo Vincente by means of signs, which that priest declared were as intelligible as speech. "El Mudo," says the Spanish historian Cean Bermudez, "was a man of great talent, and in an uncommon degree versed in sacred and profane history and mythology. He read, wrote, played at cards, and expressed his meaning by signs with singular clearness, to the admiration of all who conversed with him." Lope de Vega, in the *Laurel de Apolo*, lauds "El Mudo" as the Spanish artist best able to cope with the Italians. Of his works he says: "He painted no face that was dumb, and although mute himself, his breathing pencil lent to his canvas a voice more eloquent than many a speech."

Another deaf-mute Spanish painter was Alfonso del Arco, called "El Sordillo de Pereda" ("Pereda's little deaf man"), Pereda having been his master in painting. He was considered a portrait painter of the first rank, and although inferior to "El Mudo," his fame did much to overcome the idea that deaf-mutes could not be educated.

Another instance in our own time is O. F. Kruse, a native of Schleswig, who, himself a deaf-mute, was educated at a deaf-mute institution, and became a successful teacher of deaf-mutes for more than fifty years. He was the author of several works upon education, and his writings are remarkably clear, full, and impartial.

Mr. Farrar, a deaf-mute, educated by the Rev. T. Arnold at his school in Northampton, passed the Cambridge Local Exami-



nation with honours in Classics and Mathematics, and in January, 1880, matriculated at the London University.

Statistics collected by Mr. Axon show that there are five deaf-mutes in the Government service, four in the army; sixty-one men are artists, seven men and fifteen women are teachers. The trades connected with dress attract the greatest number, 809 men and 732 women being so employed. The self-reliant spirit of deaf-mutes is shown by the fact that out of more than 11,000 of these persons in England and Wales, only 529 were inmates of workhouses, and of these fifty-one were imbecile and twenty-six blind.

Last August a Congress of Teachers and others interested in deaf-mutes was held in Brussels, and *The Times* reports some of the wonderful results attained to by the institutions in Belgium. The children at the Brussels Institution recited and even *sang* (of course it is not pretended with the same finish as children who could hear), and their intelligent appreciation of all that they were called upon to do was the admiration of their visitors.

In Italy and America, Germany, and other countries, the same good results are attained. In the former country, as early as 1642, the Jesuit Father Casper Schott, in his *Physica Curiosa*, speaks of a learned deaf-mute who read speech off the lips of others. In the present day, the schools at Siena, Milan, and other places are deservedly renowned.

But I will now turn to the Institution within my personal knowledge, viz., that at Boston Spa. It owes its existence to the noble exertions of a venerable Belgian priest and deputy, the Very Rev. Mgr. de Haerne, and was founded so lately as 1870. This good priest, who for over fifty years has devoted himself to the care and education of deaf-mutes in his own country, finding that there was no institution in our Indian Empire for this class of persons, and that the Hindoos still carried out the pagan custom of exposing these unfortunates to death, desired much to call one into existence. After some deliberation he was advised that it would be best to commence the work in England, where, although there are many such institutions, there were none for Catholics, and that our deaf-mute children either got no education at all, or were swallowed up by non-Catholic places. He accordingly opened, with the aid of some friends, a small place near Sheffield. The good work being approved of by the English Bishops, and applica-

tions for admittance becoming more numerous, a removal was effected to the present premises at Boston Spa, a picturesque village midway between York and Leeds. Here over a hundred children of both sexes are received, cared for, and educated by the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul. Many more are waiting for admittance, if only room and means could be found for them; but, like most of our institutions, the place is entirely dependent upon charity, and has no endowments. There are about four hundred Catholic deaf-mutes of school age in England and Wales, and if the house could be further enlarged and better provided with funds, there is no reason why all these should not be admitted to the blessings of a Catholic religious education. The children are taught different trades, to fit them to earn an honest living. But it is more of the children than of the place that I here wish to speak.

If Mr. Herbert Spencer would only pay them a few hours' visit, I think he would cry *Peccavi* at having classed them with the brutes. I venture to say that in no hearing school of the same class of children (for this section of our Catholic population is mostly to be found amongst the poor) will he find such bright, active, *reasoning* beings as here. The method of teaching is that known as the "combined," viz., speech and signs; but those who can speak are much too proud of this accomplishment not to put it to constant use. Of one intelligent lad I can truly say that, unless told beforehand, no person on first conversing with him would guess him to be a deaf-mute. Another is a born artist, and, without having received any teaching, models and carves wonderfully. The feast of St. Aloysius is one of the boys' great holidays, and on that day, a year or two ago, this lad modelled in wet clay a perfect figure of the boy-saint as represented in pictures. Last Epiphany he modelled the three Kings, varying the costume of each and filling up the background with camels. This lad, who is congenitally deaf, also speaks well and clearly, and is clever at learning. Three other members of his family are born deaf, and all are deficient in nothing but hearing. It is a curious thing that the hearing children of the same family are delicate and puny, whilst the deaf ones are healthy and intelligent.

Other children there are literally picked out of the streets, and who in a short time have become perfectly civilized and amenable to discipline. When they came they were the same as hearing children of the same class, and they have taken no

longer to profit by good example. If they were like the brutes, could this be the case?

The girls, too, are clever, natty, and exceptionally good at all handwork, such as dressmaking and church embroidery; the little ones make beautifully fine lace. Then there are "the babies"—dear little dots!—the youngest of whom is now about three years old. I will give only one example of *their* reasoning powers. They are taught their little lessons by means of coloured pictures: one sheet, we will say, representing a mother nursing a baby; a cat looking at a mouse in a trap; a cow being milked; a dog running. The Sister who was teaching said to the smallest dot: "The cow is in the trap, the mouse has horns, the mother is running." I wish Mr. Spencer could have seen this deaf-mute baby, and her indignation at what she thought the Sister's stupidity, as with a promptitude which many an older hearing child might have envied, she corrected these mistakes.

I must not weary my readers with other instances, but will pass on to these children's power of grasping the "intangible, inaudible, and invisible," by which I presume is meant that which we should call the supernatural—that is, relating to spirit and not to matter.

Hearing being absent, the mind of the deaf-mute must be unlocked by some other means than those used with those that can hear; and this key is supplied by training the eye in such a manner as to make it do double work, for the deaf-mute must hear as well as see with his eyes. For this reason his education is of necessity slower, and requires special methods and greater patience on the part of the teacher; but this key of the twofold use of the eye being once practically applied, all difficulties in the way of his intellectual grasp are removed. The mind of the deaf-mute who can read words off the lips expands quicker than that of the one who has to be taught by signs, but in both these ways he can be made to understand and appreciate "intangible" things which regard his soul and mind. The children at St. John's learn their catechism and are instructed in the duties of their religion more slowly, but quite as surely as hearing persons. They go to Confession and Communion, and understand what they are doing. They know the difference between right and wrong; they can tell you how they should give supreme worship to God and relative honour to the saints; they understand the distinctions laid down by the Church as to

body and soul, between mortality and immortality; and this I take it Mr. Spencer, although himself believing in none of these things, would consider sufficient proof of their intellectual superiority to either the untaught child or the conventional savage. I wish my readers could see these deaf-mute children on such an occasion as their first Communion day. Their fixed attention, their simple faith and fervour, are most remarkable and edifying. Any one seeing them must feel, here are no untaught children, no savages, much less brutes, but human souls capable of feeling and understanding, as far as humanity can, the things intangible, inaudible, and invisible to the physical world, minds capable of comprehending the supernatural, of lifting themselves from earthly to heavenly things. More than this, they do not only feel, but can and do reason about these things. Not long ago I asked one youth, who was not particularly clever, but very simple and pious, why he so often went to the chapel when there was no service going on? and his answer was, "I go to think of God." This in its way is quite as good as the answer of another deaf-mute, a pupil at a Paris institution, who, on being asked, "What is eternity?" replied, "The lifetime of Almighty God." At St. John of Beverley's there are Guilds of the Angels and an Association of Children of Mary Immaculate, the members of which consist of the best behaved and most advanced pupils in religion, and this could not be the case unless they understood, and showed that they understood, matters other than merely physical, such as Mr. Spencer attributes to them. The boys take their turns in serving at Mass and Benediction, although they cannot as yet make the responses as it is done in institutions in Italy, Belgium, and France. Although the institution is young in years, several of its pupils are doing well in their different trades. One is a joiner in America, earning good wages, another a painter and paper-hanger in Liverpool, and so on, and they are distinguished for their piety, steadiness, and industry.

So general, however, is the ignorance respecting deaf-mutes, that some of my readers may think that I have overstated the case in their regard; but those who have had any experience of them will, I am sure, bear me out that I have kept within the mark. I do not mean to say that the loss of hearing is not a very serious defect, if not counteracted by special means of supplying the want; but I do say that this want can be supplied, and is supplied in all institutions for the purpose of

educating deaf-mutes. Formerly this was done by signs, but these signs being conventional, practically shut out the deaf-mute from mixing in society and making himself understood by his fellow-men; but the present almost universal adoption of artificial articulation and lip-reading gets rid of this objection, and as long as the deaf-mute is simply only deaf-mute, and not otherwise intellectually deficient, there is no reason why he should not in time, and by a slower process certainly than is the case with hearing persons, place himself almost on a level with them.

The Abbé Tara, the Director of the Deaf-Mute Institution at Milan, says: "It is just the religious instruction to which in our school the greatest and most thorough attention is given, and there is no pupil, however weak of intellect and poor in language, who does not arrive at a comprehension of the entire matters of religious truth, historical and spiritual, which form the elements and substance of a good and Christian life. The apparent delay of a few months in giving instructions by the spoken word is fully made up later on in the course by the same means—*i.e.*, by speech, which is of course the most effective way of explaining religious and abstract ideas."

It is this gift of the spoken word which will in time dissipate the prejudices entertained against deaf-mutes. In those countries where it has been in use for many years, such a result has already been attained; in England we have yet to wait, as our institutions are in the transition state. But even under the old sign system deaf-mutes were elevated far above the level usually assigned to them: their misfortune was that, being mute, they could not impress this upon the outside observer.

Still, even granting this disadvantage, it is a most extraordinary thing that this class of the community, so well deserving of attention, should be so little known and appreciated; and I have often, when telling others of all they were capable of doing and becoming, had my words received with a polite smile of incredulity, although I must say that this incredulity vanishes at once when the unbeliever is brought into personal contact with deaf-mutes. Of course it is not pretended that they are all clever, any more than that every hearing person is a genius. Amongst the hundred children at St. John's there are as many diversities in character and intellect as amongst ordinary children of the same age. But all are distinguished by a certain frankness and simplicity which cannot fail to win the heart. It has

pleased Providence to afflict them with what certainly at the first blush is a most grievous misfortune, but the goodness of God has at the same time placed the remedy in the hands of their more fortunate brethren. Those who still doubt these means can easily satisfy themselves as to the truth of my words by visiting one of the institutions; for although in England there is only one Catholic one, yet there are many others of other denominations, and here they will find ample demonstration of how wrong Mr. Spencer is when he places deaf-mutes of any kind on a par with the brutes, or educated deaf-mutes on a level with the untaught child or the savage.

MRS. VERNON BLACKBURN.



*To A. C. Swinburne.*

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O LOVELY Lyre! I listened to thy singing  
Songs of the forest, chorused by the sea.  
Mount, vale, and wave grew voiceful with thy ringing,  
The heart gave forth its melody in thee,  
Its throbs, its words—a wondrous tuneful choir,  
Clust'ring around thy strings, O lovely Lyre!

O lovely Lyre! What sadness thou wert bringing!  
Yea, deeper sadness, still, with every strain.  
Thy glorious music, born for upward winging,  
Was heard, I thought, in Heaven with startled pain,  
Though fitly mightst thou rise to meet its choir,  
Even from this lower world, O lovely Lyre!

O lovely Lyre! unconscious, hast thou broken  
The chain unseen, so beautiful, so strong,  
That e'er should link the harmony of Heaven  
To each aspiring note of earthly song?  
And canst thou hear the distant viewless choir  
Answering thy swelling chords, O lovely Lyre?

O lovely Lyre! wilt hush my feeble pleading,  
With far-resounding and indignant lay?  
Still do I dare to hope the Master-pressure  
Will yet regain its once creative sway,  
Attuning thy grand voice to His own choir,  
His for eternal years, O lovely Lyre!

M. G.

## *An Englishman's Impressions of America.*

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### NO. IV.—SOME TRAITS OF AMERICAN CHARACTER.

I HAVE looked back from time to time since I have been in America over the general results of my experience there, and asked myself what is the leading trait of American character which has impressed itself upon me as most distinctively American? I try and eliminate as far as I can the imported elements—those which are peculiar to Ireland or Germany—I put aside as far as I can any previous impressions, and draw my conclusions from what I myself saw and heard while travelling in the country. Perhaps as an Englishman I am naturally inclined to take an exaggerated view of that which is in contrast with British ideas and prejudices, and for this reason I may be more inclined to put prominently forward the spirit of equality which prevails in the States than I should be if I had not belonged to a nation whose class distinctions are so marked. But though this difference between American and English life is to me the most obvious, I think there is another which goes deeper down in its influence on the life of the nation. It is one which is attributed to the sons of St. Ignatius as a prominent feature of their Order. It certainly is one after which they, and all who desire to succeed in this world or in the next, must continually strive. I think that Americans are endowed with a very remarkable gift of putting before them the end which they desire to obtain, and adopting the means best suited to attain that end. They are above all, and before all, good *business* men. I do not mean by business men, men specially fitted for commerce, but men who, having an object to gain, have a keen eye for the best means of gaining that object, and a steady perseverance in the adoption of such means. In American life there is the least possible waste of energy. There is less “muddling” than in Europe, fewer mistakes, a more rapid perception of what will tend to advance their object, and what on the other hand will only interfere with their success.

They are, above all, the aptest of all scholars in learning the lessons of experience and profiting by them. Bold and venturesome, they often fail—in the business sense as well as in the wider meaning of the term—but their power of recovery is astonishing, and so far from being discouraged by his early troubles, an American begins again with fresh vigour and confidence, derived from the wisdom he has learned by painful experience.

This is the great secret of their success in acquiring wealth. In the present day the energies of America are mainly turned to the acquisition of wealth. In a young country, almost boundless in its resources, and with a climate stimulating to constant activity, the stream of human energy turns naturally to the channel where it has the readiest and freest course. It is a form of activity which carries with it many disadvantages, but it has its advantages even in the present, and is preparing the way for higher and nobler pursuits hereafter. We sometimes hear men complain of the lack of art and of the higher learning, of the want of classical scholarship and a cultivated taste for the beautiful in America. But to expect picture galleries full of pictures by modern American artists, or universities full of scholars such as Porson or Conington or Munro or Stallbaum or Orelli, is about as absurd as to expect a young boy to be able to write elegant Greek Iambics or to paint an elaborate historical picture. The Americans have already done marvels in the way of art and literature. Universities are springing up and growing all over the country: universities, too, which afford means of culture to men of every social position, not merely universities for the upper and upper middle class, such as Oxford and Cambridge have been ever since the Reformation. There is a distinct school of American art springing up and developing as fast as is possible consistently with healthy growth. Americans are eager to fill their galleries with the masterpieces of European art. Private collectors are to be found in all the large cities. European buyers complain of the rivalry which carries across the Atlantic works of art that they would fain retain at home. The only criticism that I heard in New York on the gallery of paintings in the Museum of Art there, was that the committee are buying almost too fast, and are endangering the high standard, as well as the representative character of the collection, in their eagerness to acquire any supposed masterpiece which comes into the

European market. The ever increasing number of American visitors to Europe have their eyes and ears continually open, in order to secure for their own country any prize within their reach, whether it be work of art, or antiquarian curiosity, or literary treasure—or, on the other hand, some recent discovery in photography, or in sewing machines, or in pisciculture, or in the paving of the streets.

Proud as an American is of his own country, convinced of its superiority to all the world beside, he will never lose the opportunity of taking a hint from his Transatlantic cousins. His patriotism, so far from blinding him to any deficiency at home or producing a bigoted attachment to everything American as such, makes him most laudably appreciative of anything better elsewhere, in order that he may without delay acquire it for his own country or for himself. He does not indeed confess the superiority of the foreign article; he will very possibly point out why it was impossible in the nature of things that it should be produced in America; he will do his best to run it down before foreigners and to put forward the counter-vailing advantages of its American counterpart. But he will take a mental note of it, and if it is really superior, he will recognize its superiority, and seek to introduce it at home. My own experience of cultivated Americans is that they have very little of the rooted prejudice that is unable to see itself and what belongs to itself with impartial eyes. Their gift of unbiassed judgment is one important element of their rapid progress: no improvement escapes them. In material civilization they are already far ahead of European nations, and where they adopt apparently inferior methods in art or science or business, or any of the industries or pursuits of life, you will always find that some other cause, and not national prejudice, is the cause of its being retained. Sometimes the conditions of the country forbid the introduction of a better plan, *e.g.*, the dryness of the climate is said to render the English system of dyeing cloth inapplicable to American stuffs with the same success as in England. Sometimes it is some local jobbery or political mismanagement, as in the case of the enormously extravagant method of construction of certain public buildings in New York and Albany. Anyhow, mere prejudice never prevents the introduction of any improvement of whatever kind it may be.

In the large cities of the West the commercial organization is something unknown in Europe. When the owner of a cattle

ranche in Dakota or Colorado has a lot of cattle that he wishes to sell, all that he has to do is to send the herd to the railway freight depot, and to write to his correspondent at Chicago to advertise him of the fact. There is no need of personal attendance at the market, or of responsible herdsmen to accompany the cattle on their journey, and nothing whatever would be gained by this unnecessary expense and inconvenience. The owner, after taking the steps above mentioned, has simply to wait quietly at home, and in a few days he receives from his agent a cheque representing the market value of the drove, with a small percentage deducted for the agent's commission. The railway company makes itself responsible for the safe delivery in Chicago, and the agent finds a ready sale for the animals, at a fixed price, at one of the enormous stock-yards of the city. In the sale of corn the process is still simpler. The cargo of grain arriving in the city is assigned to a certain "class" by the Government inspector, and the farmer, sitting at home and knowing by experience to what class his wheat or corn belongs, can tell from the newspaper report of the prices of the day the exact sum which he will receive from the broker who sells it for him, just as an Englishman in the country can tell the exact sum he will receive from the sale of shares in the Great Western Railway or of Egyptian bonds.

Buying and selling is thus much more of a mechanical process all over the States. Commercial America has long since repudiated the wasteful plan of the seller invariably asking a larger sum than he intends to take, and the buyer a smaller sum than he intends to give. The wholesale system of promiscuous advertising is also being relinquished as short-sighted and extravagant—expensive both to advertiser and his customers. I was astonished to find many railway stations in America without a single advertisement, and none of them crowded as are most English stations. I happened while in New York to receive a number of *Punch* containing a "railway puzzle" of a station completely covered with advertisement boards: the puzzle (no easy one) being to find the name of the station amid the countless advertising boards around. I showed the picture to half a dozen boys, who set to work with true American ingenuity and perseverance to solve the puzzle—but it did not come home to them as a practical difficulty presenting itself to the traveller, as it undoubtedly does to him who journeys by the Underground Railway and other metropolitan and suburban lines.

In newspapers Americans advertise about as much, and perhaps more, than is the custom in England. The large number of persons seeking employment, and of employers on the look out for hands, find that an advertisement in one of the chief commercial newspapers is the most convenient channel for making known their wants. The *New York Herald* has I think a larger number of advertisements than the *London Times*. But the advertisement as a means of impressing upon the public the excellence of a certain kind of soap or mustard or light claret, is used very sparingly in America in comparison with England. Americans declare that the system has been tried and condemned. When they do advertise with this object, the advertisement is not a mere announcement, but an announcement conveyed in some way which cannot fail to leave its impression on the imagination. As I travel by rail from New York to Philadelphia, I see everywhere painted up the advertisement of one Schenck, who is I presume a wholesale chemist. Every available barn or outhouse, or even dwelling house which presents a broad side to the railroad, has painted on it in gigantic letters either "Schenck's Mandrake Pills," or "Schenck's Seaweed Tonic," or "Schenck's Pulmonary Wafers." It is absolutely impossible for one who has more than once travelled that road, not to retain indelibly printed on his memory those three life-giving medicines. I should recognize them as old friends all the world over, as I should recognize Colman's Mustard and Pears' Soap. On the same principle, I have seen in the market-place of Providence and in one of the principal squares of New York, an ingenious method of advertising quite new to me. On the flat roof of a building in a conspicuous position a large sheet is stretched facing the street, at a little distance from the window of a small hut perched on a neighbouring roof. The little hut is occupied by a man working a magic lantern, which throws from the window a series of pictures on the sheet. Some of them are sylvan scenes, purely ornamental, but most of them are varied and ingenious forms of advertisement. Each of them remains for about thirty seconds, and then another follows. When the series is ended, they begin again. They are sure to arouse curiosity, and so to catch the eye of the passer-by, and are at least more likely to attract customers than the mere announcement board at a railway station, to which no one pays any attention or regards with anything except indifference or dislike.



I was not a little surprised while in the States to find prices generally so little above, often so much below, the prices of Europe. I have often heard, as an argument against emigration, the perfectly untrue assertion that, if wages are far higher than in England, living is proportionately more expensive. This is not at all the case. The only necessities of life which are very much in advance of European prices, are clothes of every kind. These cost about double the price. A suit which in London would cost £4 to £5 would cost some \$40 to \$50 in New York or Chicago. In spite of the very heavy duty on manufactured cloth and woollen goods, it is cheaper for an American to order his clothes in Liverpool or London than to buy them at home. A friend of mine in one of the eastern cities, who resided for some time in Liverpool, still has his coats and overcoats from his tailor there. One of the cabin boys on a Transatlantic line visits him from time to time with a brand-new coat, which he slips over his own when he comes on shore, thus avoiding all custom dues. I praise the ingenuity rather than the honesty of the proceeding, but as the law is a penal one perhaps on this ground it may be fairly evaded.

But with the exception of clothes of all sorts, and some articles of domestic use which hover between necessities and luxuries, such as gloves, tooth brushes, pocket knives, visiting cards, writing paper, &c., America is quite as cheap as England. Bread is cheaper. Meat is somewhat cheaper. Furniture is much cheaper. House-rent is not dearer, though there are houses in New York of which the rent is higher than any in London. Wine is cheaper, if you are satisfied with the excellent wines of California or Kentucky, and are not bent on having French claret, which very probably has never crossed the sea, and Spanish sherry, of the manufacture of which Spain is perfectly innocent. Travelling is much cheaper and far more comfortable for the money. Hotels are not dearer. Books are also cheaper, especially English books, which are reprinted in America at a quarter or a tenth of their price in England. The three-volume novel—that absurdity of the English book trade—which sells for a guinea and a half at Hurst and Blackett's or Remington's, is sold for a dollar or less at Appleton's or Scribner's, or for 25 c. in Lovell's Railway Library. The democratic principle is certainly most beneficial to the buyers of American books, and renders the fancy prices of the European market almost an impossibility in the States.

But there is another side of the democratic principle, not quite so satisfactory, and which I ought not to pass over unnoticed. I have already remarked that classes are less distinct one from the other in America, and that there is far less interdependence. The poor are far less dependent on the rich, the servant is far less dependent on his master, the individual citizen is far less dependent on those around him and on the Government, than in Europe. "Every man for himself," is a conspicuous motto in the practical life of the States. As every State is an unit in itself, dependent on the central authority at Washington only so far as is necessary for the maintenance of the Union and the efficiency of the Central Government, so each individual is an unit in himself, dependent on the Government, on society, on his fellows, only as far as the due order of society demands. The rights of the individual are more extended than in Europe, and as a consequence he is to expect less interference either by way of protection or assistance or redress from those around him. This has some curious consequences. If a Londoner sees a pickpocket extracting a handkerchief from his neighbour's pocket, his first impulse is to make a dash at the thief. A New Yorker would regard the scene with calm composure. If he were very benevolently inclined, he might possibly warn the victim, as a matter of charity, but generally would think it more prudent to mind his own business and look to his own pockets. There would moreover be present in his mind an element of unconscious admiration of the superior smartness of the thief, not unmixed with a combined pity and contempt for a man who could take such poor care of his property as to leave it exposed to the inroads of every one desirous of appropriating it. While I was in New York I read in the papers a story illustrative of my meaning. One morning as a wealthy banker was proceeding by the horse-cars to the business quarter of New York, and was standing with the conductor on the platform at the rear of the car, four thieves suddenly jumped on the platform. One of them seized the gentleman by the hands, another proceeded to rifle his pockets, while the other two occupied themselves with the conductor. Happily their victim, who was a powerful vigorous man, so scared the thieves by his shouts and struggles that they soon relinquished their prey and took to flight. The banker pursued, calling on the conductor to aid him; but the conductor refused to stop the car or follow

the thieves. He had therefore to undertake the task single-handed. Luckily at the moment when he alighted he met a policeman, and induced him to join him. Together they followed the thieves, and in a few moments succeeded in capturing three out of the four, who were safely carried off to the police station. I ask my readers to observe the various points of this story. First of all, the boldness of the New York thieves, or rather highwaymen. In open daylight, on a public conveyance—*coram populo*—they assault and rob one of the passengers as he stands by the side of the conductor. No passenger comes to his aid—"every man for himself"—and even the conductor, though himself ill-treated, cannot be induced to give any help. What is stranger still, is the capture of the thieves. By their own unaided exertions, constable and victim secure three out of four burly ruffians.

Such robberies, I am fully aware, are far more common in New York than in other American cities. The traveller elsewhere is at least as safe as in England. The difference arises from a very obvious cause. The population of New York is a conglomeration of half a dozen nationalities. Americans, Irishmen, and Germans are mingled in (roughly speaking) equal proportions. Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Italians, Spaniards, Dutchmen, and Chinese, contribute each their distinct element. Between the chief factions of the population there is a rooted national antipathy. The Irish are not fond of the "Dutchmen" (the common title given by them to Prussians, Austrians, Bavarians, and Hollanders), and the quiet, clannish, money-getting, cautious Germans do not admire poor Pat and his ways. The native Americans see with some dismay the rapid growth of the numbers and influence of the immigrant population, while the multitudinous nationalities of the visitors, refugees, and other "strangers" who find New York a more convenient residence than Europe, prevents any "solidarity" in the population of that cosmopolitan city.

As one might expect, the result is that offences against property are more common in New York. *Chevaliers d'industrie* have a good time of it. The traveller to and fro, in and about New York must look to his pockets and baggage with a greater vigilance than is requisite in England. The American check system for baggage, besides being in itself far more orderly and safe than the English happy-go-lucky system of tumbling out the baggage from the van at the Central Depot, and letting

every one select his own, is absolutely necessary for the safety of property. In New York, if the English system were pursued, half-a-dozen well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, hailing from various parts of the world, would be present to claim each and every piece of baggage. Outside the circle of professional thieves, many dwellers at New York would be found quite ready to pick up their neighbours' valise if they could. Leave your umbrella in one of the carriages of the London Underground Railway, and you have a very good chance of its being restored to you. Leave it in one of the cars of the Elevated Railroad of New York, and your chance of recovering it is infinitesimal. Even among honest men, the distinction between *meum* and *tuum* is less clearly marked than in England. A person finding an umbrella in a railroad car would regard it as almost common property. I should be induced as a theologian to diminish a good deal, in a dealing with an American, the reasonable amount of industry in finding the owner which text-books on moral require of a man who has found some property which has been lost or mislaid.

This greater freedom in appropriation is not the result of a lower standard of honesty in the community at large. I see in America indications of greater honesty. On the iron boxes hung on to the lamp-posts at the corner of nearly every street, and corresponding to the English pillar post-boxes, I have repeatedly seen books and parcels (too large to be thrust into the box) lying quite unprotected until the postman came to collect the letters. I should be very sorry to make such an experiment in London. Yet it is a common custom in American cities. Englishmen of business describe Americans as most satisfactory in business transactions—straightforward, punctual, exact in their payments. It is a mere insular prejudice to suppose that the average American trader is overreaching and ready to cheat you if he has an opportunity. He will, if he gets a chance, overreach you by a superior "smartness" and quickness of intelligence, but you need have no more fear, perhaps less fear, of anything dishonourable than in England. As far as I can judge, the Americans have learned the valuable lesson that honesty is the best policy more thoroughly, in spite of their national youth, than we have learned it in England. In taking my ticket at a railway station, or in paying the conductor of a car, I should have less reason to be careful in America than in England. Perhaps it is that Americans have

a great respect for the principle of "trust." When a man feels that he is in a position of trust, his self-respect keeps him honest; but when there is no question of trust, but it is merely a contest of superior sharpness, then it is quite a different matter. Beside this, money, and all that money can purchase, is more plentiful in America than in England, and the friend who borrows an umbrella and forgets to return it, would be regarded as far less of a culprit than in Europe. Then, too, there is that all-pervading principle of American life, that in non-confidential transactions you must look out for your own interest, and not expect other people to look out for you. If you are such a fool that you cannot guard your own property against the inroads of your neighbour, you deserve to lose it, and your neighbour deserves to possess it, as being a smarter man than yourself.

There is certainly a rather exaggerated admiration for "smartness" in the States. Some American was speaking to an Englishman of a third person in terms of commendation. "Is he an honest man?" asked the Englishman. "Well, no, I can't quite say he is honest." "Is he industrious?" "No, sir, he's a lazy dog." "Is he a pleasant fellow?" "No, sir." "Well, what is it that you praise him for?" "Well, sir, I guess he's a smart man." I have sometimes thought that an American translating the Bible would render the master's quasi-approval of his dishonest servant thus: "The lord commended the unjust steward, because he was a *smart* man"—and as far as I understand the word, his action in cutting down the tenants' bills, and so winning them over, was exactly what an American would view with a secret commendation as a distinctly *smart* stroke of business.

But the honesty existing in the relations of man with man does not at all extend to public bodies, to corporations, or to the Government. I do not understand why it is so, but an American who would shrink from cheating an individual, will plunder the government of his State or of the whole country wholesale, if he gets a chance. The corruption among politicians is notorious. In fact, the very word *politician* is in America a term of reproach. To say that a man is a politician implies that he of whom you speak makes of politics a trade, and that his principles are subservient to the interests of his pocket. The "Tweed ring," which was exposed some years since, was simply a system of ingenious and unscrupulous fraud practised on the public. The government of the city of New York is said to be

specially and hopelessly corrupt. If a new building has to be erected, somehow or other it costs twice as much as it ought, and public officers and contractors divide the spoil. Americans have told me that the streets of New York might be well paved and clean for the sum expended on the contracts for paving and cleaning.

While I was in America, the *New York Tribune* unearthed a system of fraud upon the city funds which illustrates the inventive ingenuity of the despoilers of the public. The gradual extension of the limits of New York City, and the increase in its population and buildings necessitates a continual extension of the gaspipes and sewers to districts where they had not been laid down before. The necessary excavation beneath the streets and houses is let out by the city on contract, and the law requires that the lowest bid made by the various competing contractors should be accepted. The contractor who undertakes the work has to give sufficient security that the work is done well, and that the requirements of the Government inspectors shall be satisfied. So far there seems no opportunity for fraud. I believe the inspectors are faithful in their inspection of the work done, and that there is no charge whatever brought against their honesty. But the soil of New York varies in various places. Sometimes hard rock underlies the streets, sometimes soft earth. The most skilful engineers can only guess at the character of the ground in different parts of the route under which the tunnel has to be made. At best they can only make an approximate calculation, and there may prove to be far more earth, or far more rock, than they judged from their examination of the ground. This uncertainty respecting the ground to be excavated, introduces an element of uncertainty in the work to be done. As it is impossible to ascertain exactly the character of every foot of ground through which the contractor has to carry his tunnelling, it is obviously unfair that if he takes the contract supposing the soil to consist almost entirely of soft earth, he should be compelled to do the work for the same money if a considerable portion of it is hard rock. Hence the bids made for the contracts are what are known by the technical name of "unbalanced bids." In case of an error in the report of the engineer as to the nature of the ground, the balance is afterwards set right, and the contractor is compensated for any mistake which causes him to be out of pocket in



the contract made. If the engineer were to report that one quarter of the ground to be excavated were rock and three quarters earth, it would be unfair that the contractor, who took the contract on this understanding, should be required to execute it for his original offer, if it turned out that only one quarter were earth, and the remaining three quarters hard rock. He is allowed to charge for the extra amount of rock the difference between his bid for rock and for earth. We will suppose that the report of the engineer were, that in 1,000 feet of ground 250 were rock and 750 earth, and that the contractor were to bid fifty cents per foot for excavating earth, and ten dollars for excavating rock, \$2,875 in all. But if through some error the proportionate amounts were reversed, and 750 feet turned out to be rock and 250 earth, he would very rightly be compensated for the increased amount of rock, and would receive in all \$7,625 as a fair equivalent of the increased amount of work. His original bid was an unbalanced bid, and now the balance is set right by the increase of pay compensating the increase of labour occasioned by the larger amount of rock to be bored through.

This system, apparently fair enough, suggested to certain dishonest contractors an ingenious method of cheating the public exchequer. First of all, they bribed the engineers to send in a false report, in which the proportion of rock was overstated, and the proportion of earth correspondingly understated. Thus we will suppose that in a certain district the engineers reported a proportion of three quarters rock and one quarter earth; say, 750 feet of rock to 250 of earth, whereas the real proportion was just the reverse. The contractor with whom the reporting engineer was in collusion made his unbalanced bid on this estimate. He offers to tunnel through the solid rock at one cent a yard, and through the soft earth at eight dollars a yard! His bid for the 1,000 yards is thus \$2,007 50 c., viz., \$2,000 for the 250 yards of earth, and \$7 50 c. for the 750 yards of rock. In spite of the manifest absurdity of the offer it is accepted as being the lowest bid and therefore the one of which the law required the acceptance. In spite of the contractor charging 100 times as much for scooping out through soft earth as he did for boring through the solid rock, the Commissioner of Works approves the contract, either overlooking the anomaly, or believing himself bound to carry out the law to the letter, or being himself in



some way induced to shut his eyes to the obvious iniquity of the proceeding. When the contract is made and the work begun, it is discovered that the report was incorrect, and the contractor claims to be paid, and is paid, for earth and rock respectively according to the actual amount, and at the prices contracted for. He therefore would receive instead of \$2,007 50c. the sum of \$6,002 50c., being eight dollars per yard for the 750 yards of earth and one cent per yard for the 250 yards of solid rock.<sup>1</sup>

It is not easy to get to the bottom of wholesale frauds like this, where there are a number of officials forming a ring or compact body combining together to shield each other and defraud the public right and left by means of gross overpayment and dishonest contracts. I believe that the Tweed ring was unearthed only after long years by the employment of a spy who joined the ring in order to expose its misdeeds. The *New York Herald* has the credit of bringing the whole transaction to light. One of their agents obtained a situation in the office where the suspected frauds were going on, and after months of laborious research, collected the necessary evidence. Had it not been for the enterprise of a newspaper editor, it might have gone on for ever undiscovered. Why such roguery, impossible in England, is not only possible, but frequent, in a smart country like America, is a question which belongs to the domain of practical politics, and on which I will not attempt to enter in my present article.

R. F. CLARKE.

<sup>1</sup> The actual bid of eight dollars for earth and one cent for rock, is attributed in the *New York Tribune* of December 11, 1883, to one John Brady, who had taken the contract for a certain district at \$15,676, and at the date of writing had earned over \$60,000 through the rectification of the engineer's false report. His very profitable labour was still continuing, and for aught I know, the much-enduring city may be still paying him at the same rate.

## *National Prosperity and the Ownership of Land.*

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MUCH has been heard of late, but assuredly not too much, of the gulf which separates the modern Lazarus from the modern Dives. What we have heard is enough to make us pause and reflect; and the first question we ask ourselves is: What are the material facts of the case, as regards our own country? On the one hand we are told, with confident assertion, that during the present century, while the rich have been daily growing richer, the poor, alas! have been growing poorer. On the other hand, we hear equally confident and unqualified jubilations over the steady increase of material property. The facts seem to be, mainly and in the rough, as follows.

The marvellous increase of material wealth, even relatively to population, which this century has seen, has been by no means confined to the wealthier classes of society. Unquestionable statistics show that during the last fifty years, while labourers' wages have risen from 80 to 100 per cent., the price of nearly every article of a labourer's diet has decreased, and that the rise in the average tariff for house-rent has been such as to absorb only a portion of the gain. A like conclusion may be drawn from educational statistics, criminal statistics, and the reports of savings banks and of co-operative societies.<sup>1</sup> Side by side with this tale of progress we have to set the fact that whereas at the beginning of the century there were, out of a population of about eleven millions, some two millions in a state of abject poverty, there are still about an equal number who are either paupers or on the verge of pauperism out of a population of some twenty-seven millions.<sup>2</sup> It may indeed be thought that certain classes of the abjectly poor are, with

<sup>1</sup> R. Giffen, *The Progress of the Working Classes*.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. S. Smith, M.P., speech at Kirkdale, January 12, 1884 (reported in the *Liverpool Daily Post* of January 14).

respect to housing, in a worse condition than was the case half a century since. The unanimous testimony of those who are best qualified by experience to speak on the matter, shows that various urban improvements have driven large classes of the poor to crowd together more and more closely, a pressure which has been only in part relieved by migration to healthier suburban districts, and that the deterioration of the miserable tenements which they were thus compelled to inhabit has more than kept pace with such feeble attempts at repairs as have been made in these "outcast" regions. But it must be remembered, as against this, that the most squalid of the old London rookeries have been improved away, and it seems probable that the worst results of the in-and-in crowding to which reference has been made are a degree less horrible than the horrors which are past and gone, one may hope for ever.<sup>3</sup>

There is, then, ground for rejoicing—that matters are not worse than they are; and, ground for lamentation—that there is so much yet to do; and above all, ground for earnest inquiry into the causes of social evils and for earnest effort in the cause of social reform. Nor must it be forgotten, that though there is not perhaps in the aggregate more misery in the country than when its population was smaller by 60 per cent. than it now is, there may be, possibly, a more widely spread or a more deeply rooted spirit of discontent, and perhaps a more broadcast dissemination of false principles. Certain, at least, it is, that discontent has better opportunities now than then of organizing itself and making itself felt, and that false principles have greater facilities for reducing themselves to practice. At any rate, it may be said that however deep and wide the economic gulf may be which divides class from class in the England of to-day, the moral gulf is yet deeper and wider.<sup>4</sup> The question of interest for us all is, how it can be in some degree bridged over.

<sup>3</sup> Rev. Brooke Lambert, "Esau's Cry," in the *Contemporary Review*, December, 1883, p. 923; so also the *Report of the Catholic Society for the Improvement of the Dwellings of the Poor*, iii.

<sup>4</sup> Some evidence of the existence of class hatreds, where we might perhaps have least expected to find them, is to be found in Dr. Jessopp's very striking paper, entitled, "Clouds over Arcady," in the *Nineteenth Century* for October last. "The rising generation of Arcadians," he tells us, "are in a far more dangerous and inflammable condition than the world outside has any suspicion of." Dr. Jessopp's cars may be exaggerated, but his warnings are well worthy of attention.

To offer his contribution to the solution of this and other "Social Problems," a new seer has taken his seat upon a private tripod of inspiration in the person of Mr. Henry George; who, whatever we may think of the wildness of his views, and of the unsoundness of his principles, has at least succeeded in securing a hearing and a following; and for this reason, if for no other, deserves a careful answer.

*Progress and Poverty*, the book to which Mr. Henry George owes his present notoriety, contains indeed a good deal of economic discussion which may be read and considered with profit by the professed student of political economy. At present, however, I shall concern myself only with his central proposition, and with this mainly in relation to England. It is Mr. George's conviction that the evils of modern society are due, mainly, if not entirely, to the existence of private property in land.

"Poverty deepens as wealth increases, and wages are forced down while productive power grows, because land, which is the source of all wealth and the field of all labour, is monopolized." This monopoly it is which renders possible the exaction of maximum competition rents and the driving down of wages, by competition, to a minimum. "To extirpate poverty, then, to make wages what justice commands they should be, the full earnings of the labourer, we must therefore substitute for the individual ownership of land a common ownership. Nothing else will go to the cause of the evil—in nothing else is there the slightest hope."<sup>5</sup> To speak more precisely, however, the evil arises, in Mr. George's view, not from individual *occupation* of land, nor even from its accumulation in the hands of a comparatively limited number of cultivators, but from the appropriation, by individuals instead of by the community, of the "unearned increment" in the value of the soil. The unearned increment, it is hardly necessary to explain, is that increase in the value of land which is due, not to the owner's individual exertions, but to the growth of population, the establishment of improved means of communication, and other causes independent of his action. The phrase is exemplified most easily in the case of towns, where ground rents frequently increase with amazing rapidity, while the holder of them may be an absentee, or a spendthrift, or a man any otherwise engaged than in the improvement, by buildings or otherwise, of the land which he owns. To this unearned increment landholders have,

<sup>5</sup> *Progress and Poverty*, bk. vi. ch. ii.

Mr. George urges, no shadow of a claim; and he proposes that an end be put to their usurpation, not by a physical division of the soil among living Englishmen (which he admits would be absurd), but by the simple process of confiscating and throwing into the Imperial Exchequer the whole of the present rental, both of agricultural rents in rural districts and of ground rents in towns.<sup>6</sup> To the plea that these rents by no means represent, exclusively, an "unearned increment," but are in great measure the legitimate interest upon former outlay, he is content to reply by the assertion that the landlords as a body have got out of the land far more than they have fairly earned, and that a chance claim here and there cannot be attended to in the face of the general interest.

It will be said [he observes]: There are improvements which in time become indistinguishable from the land itself! Very well; then the title to the improvements becomes blended with the title to the land; the individual right is lost in the common right. It is the greater that swallows up the less, not the less that swallows up the greater.<sup>7</sup>

The picture of the results to be anticipated from the adoption of this ingenuous proposal is, to say the least, somewhat highly coloured.

The advantages which would be gained by substituting for the numerous taxes by which the public revenues are now raised a single tax levied upon the value of land, will appear more and more important the more they are considered. This is the secret which would transform the little village to the great city. With all the burdens removed which now oppress industry and hamper exchange, the production of wealth would go on with a rapidity now undreamed of. . . . No one would care to hold land unless to use it, [for] if taxes were placed so as to very nearly consume the value [of the land], the man who wished to hold land without using it would have to pay very nearly what it would be worth to any one who wanted to use it. . . . Competition would no longer be one-sided, as now. Instead of labourers competing with each other for employment, and in their competition cutting down wages to the point of bare subsistence, employers would everywhere be compet-

<sup>6</sup> "It is an axiom of statesmanship, which the successful founders of tyranny have understood and acted upon—that great changes can best be brought about under old forms. We, who would free men, should heed the same truth . . . I do not propose either to purchase or to confiscate private property in land. The first would be unjust; the second, needless. Let the individuals who now hold it still retain, if they want to, possession of what they are pleased to call *their* land. Let them continue to call it *their* land. . . . It is not necessary to confiscate land, it is only necessary to confiscate rent" (*Progress and Poverty*, bk. viii. ch. ii.).

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* bk. vii. ch. i.

ing for labourers, and wages would rise to the fair earnings of labour. For . . . the employers of labour would not have merely to bid against other employers . . . but against the ability of labourers to become their own employers. . . . With natural opportunities thus free to labour; with capital and improvements exempt from tax, and exchange released from restrictions, the spectacle of willing men unable to turn their labour into the things they are suffering for would become impossible; the recurring paroxysms which paralyze industry would cease; every wheel of production would be set in motion; demand would keep pace with supply, and supply with demand; trade would increase in every direction, and wealth augment on every hand.<sup>8</sup>

Now, as Mr. George has not deemed it necessary to explain how these desirable results are to flow from the adoption of his proposal, we may dispense with any attempt to answer in detail this portion of his argument, if argument it can be called. It may suffice to observe that the only *direct* effect upon the poorer classes, if even a total remission, so far as they are concerned, of imperial taxation, would be the cheapening of alcohol, tobacco, and tea. What indirect effect upon them (through trade) would be produced by a sudden shifting of the burden of taxation from capitalists to the owners of land, it might be difficult to calculate. Nor is it necessary here to inquire, since Mr. George's reasoning proceeds on the tacit assumption that a shifting of the burden from one class to another would be equivalent to its total abolition. To rebut such an assumption would be a mere waste of time. One sensible remark I will quote from an able critic of Mr. George's book.

The rent of the land [says Mr. S. Smith] is only about half as much as is spent annually upon intoxicating drink; the working classes alone spend considerably more than the agricultural rent of the United Kingdom [£70,000,000]. A temperance reformation would put more money into the pockets of the people than the confiscation of the land, and it would do so without straining the national conscience or convulsing our social system.<sup>9</sup>

Stripped, however, of the flowers of poetry and rhetoric and fallacious logic, Mr. George's proposal holds out a bait sufficiently tempting to the discontented, and it is only fair to say that there is more of the *species veri* in the arguments by which it is supported, than in the pictures of elysian felicity

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.*, bk. ix. ch. i.

<sup>9</sup> "The Nationalization of the Land," in *Contemporary Review*, December, 1883, p. 859.

which are put forward as representing the results of its adoption. As Mr. George himself writes :

When it is proposed to abolish private property in land, the first question that will arise is that of justice. Though often warped by habit, superstition, and selfishness into the most distorted forms, the sentiment of justice is yet fundamental to the human mind, and whatever dispute arouses the passions of men, the conflict is sure to rage, not so much as to the question "Is it wise?" as to the question "Is it right?"<sup>10</sup>

And he confesses his willingness to "bow to this arbitrament, and accept this test." To the question of justice, then, I will address myself.

And first it may be observed that there is nothing to be said, on the side of abstract justice, against a scheme which should propose in a *new* country, to appropriate to the State *ab initio* a large proportion of the unearned increment in the value of the soil, by the plan of granting to settlers, not the fee simple of the land, but perpetual leases at rents subject to periodical revision. No one, it may be presumed, would question the right of the Roman Republic to have levied its *decumæ* and *scriptura* from the occupants on the public domain on the basis of a sliding-scale, determined, we may suppose, by proximity to towns of a certain population, to main roads, and the like. Nor could any one, I imagine, condemn as contrary to abstract justice the scheme according to which, in British India, the Government is enabled to take advantage of the progressive increase in the value of land, so far as this is due to causes independent of the landholders. And it would be rash, to say the least, to deny offhand that a similar principle might be applied in a new country with even more beneficial results, or to affirm that its adoption would involve any breach of the moral code.<sup>11</sup>

It might indeed seem rash to base any practical conclusion on a comparison between India, with its ancient land systems, and a colony just springing into national life. But the principle may in part be tested by an instructive comparison of India with itself. Throughout the greater part of our Indian dominions the land is held of the Government, by a variety

<sup>10</sup> *Progress and Poverty*, bk. vii. ch. i.

<sup>11</sup> Cf. Sidgwick, *Principles of Political Economy*, p. 470; S. Smith, "Nationalization of the Land," in *Contemporary Review*, December, 1883, p. 869; J. Macdonell, *The Land Question*.



of tenures (ryotwari, zemindari, talukdari, &c.), at rents subject to revision either annually or at stated periods. In Lower Bengal alone the East India Company, by the Permanent Settlement of 1793, alienated its right to appropriate, as elsewhere, the unearned increment in the value of the soil. And with what result? In the first place the loss of a valuable source of revenue, which might have been applied to the reduction of the salt tax or the opium tax. Secondly, a great and on the whole unmerited enhancement of the income of the zemindari class. Thirdly, the cultivating ryots, so far from being in any way benefited by the Permanent Settlement, have been exposed to greater exactions than they would otherwise have been liable to from the class of rack-renting landlords whom that Settlement called into existence.<sup>12</sup> This is not the place to pursue the subject of Indian tenures; but enough has been said to illustrate the proposition that the appropriation, from the outset, of "unearned increment" by the State is a question of expediency, and does not—by the terms of the case—imply any infringement of abstract justice, or any misconception of the fundamental principles of ethics. But then, be it remembered, the recommendation of such a scheme would lie, not in the prospect of abolishing honourable poverty—a foolish and impracticable ideal, but in the hope of securing a more equitable incidence of taxation, and of keeping in the hands of the Government a ready means of checking various evils and abuses in connection with the ownership of land. Such abuses might be the overgrowth of *latifundia*,—the exorbitant and ill-cultivated estates which were of old the ruin of Italy; depopulation, such as that which Strype and Hollinshed lamented, and Latimer and Crowley inveighed against; a system of sub-letting at oppressive rack-rents, such as has more than once called for governmental interference in our Eastern possessions, and the like. Against these advantages would have to be set the expenses of administration, the danger of jobbery and corruption, and so forth. The system itself in the abstract, and on ethical principles alone, can be neither

<sup>12</sup> W. W. Hunter, *Our Indian Empire*, pp. 337, 338. Miss F. Nightingale, "The Bengal Tenancy Bill," in *Contemporary Review*, October, 1883, pp. 588, seq. She writes: "The revenues imposed on the zemindar by law have remained nearly stationary. The rents raised by the zemindar from the ryots have been trebled in amount. In addition to this sum as much again has been levied from the ryots by illegal exactions."

approved nor condemned. The problem would be one for the statesman, not for the moralist.

But when it is proposed to introduce such a system into a country long since settled, a country in which titles to land, however they may originally have been acquired, whether by force or fraud, by honourable service of the State, legitimate purchase, lawful bequest, or regular inheritance, are now alike fixed and confirmed by an immemorial prescription, the proposal is simply one of undisguised and iniquitous spoliation. Some of Mr. George's critics, without professing to enter upon a full discussion of the rights of property in land, have been content to rebut his teachings by a *reductio ad absurdum* and by arguments *ad hominem*. For it hardly needs the help of logic to show that a bag and baggage policy which in the present state of society seeks to oust the landlord without compensation, would be illogical if it stopped short of the capitalist, the professional man, or the thrifty labourer whose frugality and skill have enabled him to hold his head a little higher than his neighbours. The old proverb about two of a trade attests the perception, by the world's common sense, of the fact that every member of every profession stands in the way—to a greater or less extent—of all the other members; unless, indeed, they make common cause together, in which case they render it more difficult for outsiders to gain entrance within their closed circle.

It may, however, be worth while, instead of stopping short at so general, though sufficient a condemnation, to enter a little more minutely into the question of the ethical basis of property in land. The question is one on which it is more desirable at the present time to have, as far as the nature of the case will permit, clear and accurate notions, based not merely upon *a priori* reasoning, but also upon the received teaching of Catholic theologians.

It is commonly laid down that the natural original mode of acquiring property in land was individual occupancy. The right to occupy unclaimed land is only a portion of the general right, which every man enjoys, to use his powers and improve his condition in so far as by so doing he does not interfere with the actual or acquired rights of other men or of society at large. I say with the actual or acquired rights of others; and the limitation is necessary in order to avoid the mutual involution of terms, which Mr. Synnott has lately pointed out in a modern writer's definition of liberty. To say with this writer that

"liberty is the right of every man to do as he pleases, limited only by the equal right of every other man," is—in reference to occupation—the same thing as saying that Smith has a right to occupy a given piece of land, only limited by Robinson's right to do the same; it is in other words, as Mr. Synnott has pointed out, a mere statement of club law. But suppose Smith comes first, and squats on a piece of unclaimed land, he is in the first instance exercising a personal right and interfering with no acquired right or legitimate exercise of liberty on the part of any other man; whereas if Robinson, coming next, endeavour to displace him, he is exercising his own freedom at the expense of Smith's acquired right, whom he is disturbing in the legitimate exercise of his freedom.<sup>13</sup> Mr. George has expressed with fair accuracy the foundation of the right of occupancy as applied to other material objects, but will not admit it in regard of land. His reasons for insisting on the exception are mainly that man does not by his labour *make* the land, and that the supply of land is limited. But it is obvious (1) that man does not *make* anything, but only changes its condition, and so also of land; (2) that the supply of material objects other than land is only in a relative sense unlimited; (3) that at the time of the earliest occupations the supply of land was in the same relative sense unlimited; and (4), that after-comers are demonstrably the gainers not the losers by these original occupations.

It seems to me, however, to be a matter of regret that some Catholic writers, even in quite recent times, should, in dealing with this question, have employed expressions which would almost seem to imply that they have left out of view a large and important body of facts. After lying down, as above, the general or abstract grounds of the right of occupancy—of which more anon—they proceed to confirm it by the argument that permanent individual property in land is essential to the continuous cultivation of the soil; implying or seeming to imply that there is no mean between a system of absolute individual possession and a sort of crude communism which would allow one man to go in and reap the harvest which another sowed and watered.<sup>14</sup> Now it is perhaps hardly necessary to remind the English reader of the existence of a large body of evidence which goes to show that over the greater part perhaps of Europe and of Southern Asia a system of communal possession, even

<sup>13</sup> Taparelli, *Diritto Naturale*, §§ 342, 401.

<sup>14</sup> *Ibid.* (1855), § 407.

of agricultural land, has in fact prevailed for a very long period, and that it has formed a stage or series of stages through which our modern systems of individual property in land have been reached. In the times and over the tracts of country referred to, it was the tribe, or sept, or village commune that owned the soil, which was either annually, or at longer intervals, distributed among the heads of the families which constituted the community.<sup>15</sup> It is not necessary here to trace the causes which led to the transition from this state of society to that which recognizes permanent individual property in land; but it may be worth while to observe in passing that even when and where individual landowning had become the rule and not the exception, it was long indeed before the landlord could even plausibly claim the unlimited right "to do as he liked with his own," when what he owned was land inhabited by cultivating tenants.

All this I have said, not as wishing to throw any discredit on the principle that occupancy of unappropriated land, with a view to the bestowal of labour, creates a good title: but I think it is useful to notice that a confirmatory argument, which assumes an impracticable form of "rank communism," as the only possible alternative, even in theory, for modern systems, is hardly justified by history.

To return, then, to occupancy. No serious question can, I imagine, be raised as to the individual's original right to "occupy," or establish himself upon, unclaimed land. Even Mr. George does not seem to object to communal or total occupancy, which, however, can only be maintained as against a rival community on the same principle on which the occupancy of an individual settler may be held against an individual intruder. The question, however, as to the right, whether of the individual or of the community, to maintain possession in the face of a growing population is not without its difficulties. How far can the hunter rightfully maintain possession, by virtue of mere occupancy, as against an intending shepherd, or a shepherd as against an intending agriculturist? <sup>16</sup> The question is neither capable of solution in precise terms, nor—as Mr. Sidgwick seems to imply—entirely incapable of settlement. The occupier is entitled to maintain possession, as against any individual newly arrived, of as much land as he can, with the means at his disposal, effectually oversee and use. How much

<sup>15</sup> Maine; *Village Communities*; *Encycl. Brit.*; Article, *Land*.

<sup>16</sup> Sidgwick, *Principles of Political Economy*, p. 470.

this is, various as the answer must be according to circumstances, it would be absurd to determine on *a priori* grounds. But the fact that rough estimates have been made, as Mr. Sidgwick himself tells us, of the carrying power of pastoral land in the Australian colonies goes, along with many similar facts, to show that the principle is capable of concrete application. For if, *e.g.*, it be possible to estimate that a square mile of virgin land will carry one hundred sheep, it may be at least equally possible to determine roughly the number of sheep or cattle which a single man can tend. Such words as *furlong* (furrow-long) indicate rough natural measurements at which the practical sense of primitive agriculturists arrived as to the cultivating power of a plough and a yoke of oxen. Command over servants gives a man, of course, a more extended claim, but it may be sufficient to observe that servants are not plentiful on virgin soil.

So far, however, the question has been between individual and individual, the actual and the would-be occupier. The case is greatly modified when the civil government is taken into account. No one doubts, I think, that where the process of occupancy takes place in lands already subject to a civil government, it is the right and the duty of that government to determine antecedently, in the interests of society, the limits and conditions of acquisition by occupancy; nor, as Mr. Sidgwick points out and as has been suggested above, does the government lie under any obligation to alienate the lands out and out, in favour of occupiers, either immediately or at all.<sup>17</sup> But in fact this case presents no difficulty from our present point of view, as in the case supposed the government holds the position of the first occupier, and can and ought to deal with its domain in the interests of the community which it represents. The case is a degree less clear when the formation of a civil society is subsequent to and consequent upon the occupancy of the first settlers. But even in this case there seems to be no doubt that the new government, when it comes into being, has the same right to determine, subsequently, the limits and conditions under which possession founded on mere occupancy may be maintained *post factum*. A right to occupancy which is perfectly valid as against an individual intruder, can hardly be maintained against the manifest interest of civil society to which the occupier belongs, as interpreted by the competent authority,

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.* p. 472.

that is, the lawful government. In the case of society there is an actual right as against its individual members, in that of the individual intruder there is none. Nor does it appear that in the case of curtailment of an estate after acquisition, under the circumstances supposed, the government is bound to make any compensation for this exercise of eminent dominion except such as may fairly represent labour bestowed, so far as the fruits of such labour have not already been reaped.<sup>18</sup> If half a dozen sheep-farmers were to occupy a large island they would not, certainly, have a right to exclude all other immigrants, nor, when the new immigrants proceeded, along with themselves, to form a government, would they have any right, as against that government, to maintain an exclusive possession of the surface of the island, or to exact a monopoly price in consideration of any limitation of their estates which the new authority might see fit, in the common interest of the islanders, to impose. It will be understood that I am speaking here of titles to land acquired by mere unauthorized occupancy or squatting, or by direct inheritance from the original squatters. The case is entirely different of a community which has had a long past history, of a country in which the original titles have been lost sight of, and possession in land must be presumed, like any other property, to have been acquired *bonâ fide*: in this case full compensation must be made, as far as is possible, if government finds it necessary for the public weal to curtail *latifundia*. The principles of Catholic moralists on this subject are tolerably plain. For example, Dr. Croly writes:

The State can not only impose taxes and other necessary burdens on the subject, but can take away the possessions of private persons when the common good requires this . . . In this case under ordinary circumstances, the State is bound to make compensation to the owners of the property taken . . . But in the case of a great public necessity, the State can seize private possessions without making any, or any adequate, compensation.<sup>19</sup>

But it is well to have a somewhat clear notion of what is here to be understood by the "common good" (which justifies an exercise of *altum dominium*, compensation being made) and

<sup>18</sup> The right of society to limit the extent of estates, and even of personal property of particular kinds, is asserted in several English statutes, now of course obsolete. "Engrossing of farms" was regarded as falling within the cognisance of the law, quite as much as "engrossing and regrating" staple commodities.

<sup>19</sup> *De Justitia et Jure*, i. 113.



a "grave public necessity" (which justifies the exercise of high dominion without compensation). And first it is to be observed that the mere existence of inequalities in wealth, so far as these imply nothing more than the wide prevalence of toilsome poverty, is *not* to be regarded as a social evil, nor is an opposite result to be sought by legislation which interferes with existing rights. For under all possible circumstances it must always remain true that the great bulk of mankind will eat bread in the sweat of their brow, a fact which modern political economy expresses by saying that population tends to grow up to, and press upon, the available means of subsistence. But, if a given state of society, a given "economic constitution," is found to tend to the production of actual misery, or to the demoralization of a large section of the people, or to a notable and harmful decrease in the production of the prime necessities of life, or to premature or otherwise undesirable emigration, or to a draining of the resources of a country by persons living outside it, then the question of compulsory purchase comes within the field of legitimate consideration, and may safely be determined by a balancing of grounds of expediency. To justify uncompensated expropriation a much more acute form of evil is required. And even then, unless it can be shown that the emergency is really due to one class of wealthy persons rather than to others, it is obviously better to tax all classes of wealth alike, in order to meet the emergency, than to expropriate, suppose, owners of land, and let bondholders go free. But if, as recently in the Deccan,<sup>20</sup> a particular class of men (in this case the notorious *saukars*, or money-lenders) are found to have reduced a whole population to misery by driving "hard bargains," and in fact to have received a great deal more than in equity they had any right to, they are justly expropriated without compensation, and there is no thought of mulcting other classes of men in order to lighten their losses. Or again, in the case of land originally won by spoliation, and managed with continual oppression of the occupiers and a neglect of their just claims, the right of prescription becomes at least doubtful; especially if the original owners, or others deprived of their share in the land by the unjust possessors, have maintained so far as lay in their power a constant protest against the usurpation.

But short of expropriation, whether with or without compen-

<sup>20</sup> W. W. Hunter, *Our Indian Empire*, p. 343; Pedder, "Famine and Debt in India," in the *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1877.



sation, there are many ways in which the State may rightly limit the freedom of the owners of land. It has not been reserved for the nineteenth century to hear the first protests against the unqualified proposition that a man may do as he likes with his own. "If," says Robert Crowley in 1550, speaking of the clearances which at that time were turning the tillage lands of England into sheep-walks—

If the possessioners would consider themselves to be but stuardes, not lordes over their possessions, this oppression would soon be redressed. But so long as this persuasion taketh in their minds, "It is mine owne; who shall warne me to do with myne owne as me lysteth?"—it shall not be possible to have any redress at all. . . . If there were no God, then would I think it lawful for men to use their possessions as they lyste; or if God would not require an accompt of us for the bestowing of them, I would not greatly gainsay if they took their pleasure of them whylse they lived here. But forasmuch as we have a God, and He hath declared unto us . . . that He hath made the possessioners but stuardes of His ryches, and that He will holde a streight accompt wyth them for the occupying and bestowing of them, I think that no Christian ears can abide to hear that more than Turkish opinion.<sup>21</sup>

Expression has been given to the view, that the Irish Land Acts of 1870 and 1883 have, by encroaching on the "sacred rights" of property, introduced a new principle into the politics and practical ethics of landownership. This view is surely incorrect. No principle is involved in the legislation referred to which was not familiar to the ancient laws of England, to the canon law of the Church, and to the civil law of the Roman Empire, or which has not the high sanction—it may seem a bold thing to say so—of the great body of Catholic moral theologians and canonists. It is no part of my present purpose to maintain the expediency of the provisions of the Irish Land Acts or of the English Agricultural Holdings Acts. Neither does it concern me to claim a character for enlightened statesmanship on behalf of the framers of the numerous husbandry Acts, which occupy no inconsiderable space in the statutes of the realm during the Tudor period; Acts which purported to enforce, by the issue of special commissions, and the enactment of special penalties, ordinances and customs which were already of long standing.<sup>22</sup> But what I do maintain is, that the principles

<sup>21</sup> Quoted in *Dublin Review*, November, 1842, p. 530.

<sup>22</sup> The chief of these Acts are 4 Henry IV. c. 19; 6 Henry VIII. c. 5; 7 Henry VIII. c. 1; 25 Henry VIII. c. 13; 27 Henry VIII. cc. 22, 28; 5 and 6 Edward VI. c. 5; 2 and 3 Philip and Mary, c. 2; 5 Eliz. c. 2; 13 Eliz. c. 25. See the article "De-

involved in the two classes of Acts are the same, and that they are explicitly recognized by the civil law, the canon law, the rescripts of Popes, and the treatises of moral theologians. These principles, some of the authorities for which will be found referred to in the footnotes, are, chiefly and briefly, as follows :

That the rights of landowners are subordinate to considerations of the common welfare. That the common welfare is greatly concerned in the encouragement of agriculture.<sup>23</sup> That evictions and clearances are, *prima facie* at least, a very grave evil.<sup>24</sup> That extensive accumulation in the hands of a few men is subversive of the common weal.<sup>25</sup> That custom is a basis of right.<sup>26</sup> That the State may rightly interfere to protect the weak ; and this, among other means, by fixing a "fair price," or a "fair rent," in order that the necessities of the vendor or the tenant may not be traded upon.<sup>27</sup> That it may rightly annul oppressive contracts.<sup>28</sup>

It will be difficult indeed to find in the English Husbandry Acts any recognition of the principle of compensation for unex-

population," in the *Dublin Review*, November, 1842. It should be said that the statements in that article which are based on the authority of John Rous (Ross) of Warwick are in some points incorrect. Ross strained beyond their legitimate meaning certain texts in the *Corpus Juris Canonici* ; and Ross's free rendering has not lost in the transfer to the pages of the *Dublin Review*. This caution seems the more necessary as the article in question has been cited with commendation, and justly so, by Mr. Devas in his *Groundwork of Economics*.

<sup>23</sup> Agriculture or tillage," says Coke, "is of great account in law, as being very profitable for the common wealth, wherein the goodness of the habit is best known by the privation; for by laying of lands used in tilth to pasture six maine inconveniences do daily increase. (1) Idleness, which is the beginning and groundwork of all mischief. (2) Depopulation and decay of townes. . . . (3) Husbandry, which is one of the greatest commodities of the realm, is decayed. (4) Churches are destroyed, and the service of God neglected. (5) Injury and wrong is done to patrons and God's ministers. (6) The defence of the land against forraigne enemies is enfeebled and impaired" (*On Littleton*, 85b). The grounds here set down are transcribed almost verbatim from the preamble to the earlier Husbandry Acts.

<sup>24</sup> With the provisions of the English Acts may be compared, under this head, two passages in the civil law against the dismantling of houses even by their owners. 8 Cod. x. 2 ; 1 Dig. xviii. 7.

<sup>25</sup> 25 Henry VIII. c. 13.

<sup>26</sup> See Cruise's *Digest*, i. 290.

<sup>27</sup> "Expendit bono communi ut subinde rerum certa statuatur pretia, sicque avaritiæ venditorum obviatur ne res seu merces pro libitu vendant cum magno eementum præsertim indigentium præjudicio" (Reiffenstuel, in 3 Decr. xvii. 117). The Act 2 and 3 Philip and Mary, c. 2 (sec. 12 seq.) provided for the fixing of "fair rents" by a special commission.

<sup>28</sup> "Queritur an valeat contractus procedens ex metu injuste incusso. Resp. Talem contractum non esse irritum jure nature sed tantum irritandum jure positivo, ut proin non sit ipso jure irritus sed tantum ut loquuntur *claudus*" (Amort. *Theol. Elect.* i. 120. So Lehmkühl, *Theol. Moral.*, §§ 1066, 1067, following De Lugo, Lessius, &c.).

hausted improvements or of the sale of tenant-right ; but on the other hand, this question may be found thoroughly dealt with at a much earlier date, as any one may see who will read the chapter *de Jure Emphyteutico* in the Code of Justinian.<sup>29</sup>

Thus much then, in limitation of the "sacred rights" of property, may be conceded to Mr. George. Defects in our English land system there no doubt have been and are ; and the Agricultural Holdings Act, and the various legislative measures in the matter of entail and settlement and conveyance which have been devised and demanded in remedy of these defects can only be reasonably discussed on grounds of general expediency. They cannot be objected to *in limine* as interferences with imprescriptible rights. But such measures are in the nature of prospective legislation ; there is no crisis so acute as to call for retrospective action. Mr. George, however, it need hardly be said, will be satisfied with no such partial and limited concessions. Has not an injustice, he asks, been perpetrated, and does not this call for redress ? The division of the produce between the farmer or the labourer on the one hand, and the landlord on the other, has not, he insists, been fair and equitable. The lion's share has always gone into the pockets of the landlord, the unearned increment has always been appropriated by him, the farmer has always been obliged to cultivate at a competition, or maximum, rent, and the labourer to work for competition, or minimum wages. Now I am in no way concerned to sing the praises of *laissez faire* and free and unrestricted competition. A good case may be made out for the view that the old world system of customary rents and customary wages is more conducive to true prosperity than the system of "natural liberty" as applied to the relations between the owners and the cultivators of the soil. But what cannot be shown is, that the landlord, in exacting (where he has exacted it) a competition rent, or the farmer in paying only a competition wage—supposing this to have been sufficient to maintain his labourers in health and decency—has sinned against justice or against charity ; or that the State, having allowed such a system

<sup>29</sup> 4 Cod. lxvi. That the principle is applicable to terminable as well as to perpetual leaseholds may be gathered from Ferraris (*Bibl. Can. s. v. Contractus Emphyteusis*, ii. 7). "Emphyteuta, finita emphyteusi, potest repetere melioramenta facta sine precedente expreso pacto, in utilitatem rei emphyteuticæ, sive annuente sive renuente proprietario." And, as regards the sale of tenant right, the Code, while reserving to the landlord the right of preëmption, explicitly declares that if he neglects to avail himself of it, he is bound to accept the purchasing tenant.

to arise, is now called upon to forswear its own implied engagements at the bidding of an eloquent American orator, or even for the sake of clamorous farmers or clamorous labourers, if clamorous they should become. English landlords, on the whole, have not made oppressive contracts with their tenants. On the whole the farmer has been able to make a fair living by his farming, and he has not been driven by any fear of distress, or by any absolute lack of other openings, to undertake to pay more than he could by any possibility afford. Let it be granted that the landowner has received more than was antecedently and in the abstract due to him; the labourer and the farmer, so long as neither was driven to his bargain by the presence of harsh necessity, has received all that is right; and while the State may well look forward in its prospective legislation to securing a more economic and equitable distribution, there is no adequate ground for sweeping retrospective measures.

But this is not all that can be said. It is important to bear in mind that the phrase "the fruits of my labour" is ambiguous. All produce is the result of at least two factors, labour and natural agents. To try to determine labour's share in this joint product is, as Mr. Devas has remarked, like trying to determine which side of a pair of scissors does most work in cutting. And the matter becomes still more complicated when those two other most important factors, capital and skill or knowledge, come into operation. The respective shares of the contributors of these several factors in production cannot be equitably settled by any *à priori* process of economic assessment. They must be determined either by law—which is impracticable except in a very limited degree—or by custom, of which the same must be said, or by competition. If by the latter, then, supposing that there has been no actual oppression, the landlord, or the capitalist, or the person of superior knowledge, is guilty of no personal wrong; and the Government which has guaranteed him, not this or that share of the produce, but the terms of his contract, must stand by its guarantee.

So too, granting, for the sake of argument, that the present land-tax is but a feebly inadequate commutation for the public burdens which landowners in England were once called on to discharge; granting that as in Bengal so in England the Government may have acted unwisely in foregoing its right to a progressive land-tax based on the progressive value of land as such; granting, I say, all this, the only claims for arrears that could be set up would be a claim on the part of the Govern-

ment itself as representing the community. Now the Government, by its adoption of laws which have permitted private persons to appropriate the unearned surplus, has gone bail for its undisturbed possession. And it hardly needs insisting on that nothing can be more subversive of human societies than for human societies to repudiate their own corporate obligations. It has been said above that the respective claim of labourers, landlords, capitalists, and, let us say, investors, to a share in the joint produce of land, labour, capital, and superior skill or knowledge, cannot be adjusted on *a priori* grounds. Yet even here such a rough approximation as can be made tells entirely against the views of Mr. George. For though no production is possible without two at least of the above-named factors, capital and special skill are not, as Mr. George himself emphatically asserts, essential to production. We might then fairly set down the equitable claim of the land-owning labourer as represented by what his labour applied to his own land would have realized had no accumulations of capital been made, and had the knowledge which has rendered possible the labour-saving inventions of our day never been acquired. Few labourers, did they understand the terms of the case, would be willing to exchange their minimum competition wage for the abstract and inalienable rights to which socialist theories would entitle them.<sup>30</sup> The fact is that Mr. George, while professing to claim for every individual born upon the earth an equal share in its surface—or an equivalent—really claims for him something far different from this. He claims for him in effect an equal share, not in the virgin soil, but in the soil made rich and accessible by centuries of labour and by ages of accumulation and invention. We come into a world in which, under whatever economic system, the lot of the greater part of mankind must be to toil for little more than a bare subsistence. Accumulated capital, and the labour and knowledge which has combined to accumulate it, have enabled that portion of the earth which they affect to bear a heavier population than it could otherwise have carried; and the enormous majority of those who are born to-day gain far more from finding the earth's surface already occupied than they lose by finding no accessible virgin soil to settle on.<sup>31</sup> Matters doubtless are not as well as they might conceivably have been; but except a man have suffered or inherited an

<sup>30</sup> The fallacy that "all wealth is the creation of labour" has been very ably dealt with in the excellent article on Socialism in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1883.

<sup>31</sup> Sidgwick, *Polit. Econ.* p. 502.

individual injury, he has no general retrospective claim against a state of society which, whatever its shortcomings, has at least secured to its members, with comparatively few exceptions, more than the most liberal statement of abstract and indefeasible equality can be construed to imply.

The reader will observe that I have had solely in view in this paper the grievance, real or supposed, of an economic constitution in which the greater part of the unearned increment has been allowed to find its way into the pockets of the landlords. I do not for a moment pretend to provide salve for the conscience of any man who may have pocketed, not the "unearned increment," but the fruits of tenant-made improvements, who may in any way have traded on the necessities of his poor and helpless neighbour to exact from his tenant an exorbitant rent, or to withhold from his labourer such wages (in money or in kind) as may have sufficed to keep him in physical and moral well-being. Such persons may be left to apply to themselves the Church's condemnation of the oppressive usurer with whom their case is parallel. I am concerned not with individual cases of injustice, but with a system which, abstracting from ancient rapine and modern oppression, is attacked by Mr. George as intrinsically wrong and demanding a general confiscation.

In conclusion I would observe that considerations of justice and equity, such as has been urged above, are of absolutely no avail except on the supposition of man's subjection to God, and on the supposition that this world is but the vestibule of another in which the inevitable inequalities of the present life will be redressed in accordance with each man's personal merits. Whoever is not stayed and supported by this hope would be foolish indeed if he did not strive *per fas et nefas* to get for himself—not merely that equal portion of this world's goods which the Socialist holds out to his ambition, but as great a share in the general plunder as he may be able to secure. The true remedy for the discontent which Mr. George's writings tend too surely to excite, and the true remedy for the abuses (for there are abuses) which he laments, alike lie in a sincere appeal and a sincere adhesion to Christian principles in reference to wealth. These principles alone can keep before the minds of the rich their duty as stewards of their possessions, as they alone can sweeten the bitter lot and lighten the burdens of the poor.

H. W. LUCAS.



### *The Origin of Drama: A Reminiscence.*

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THE attitude of the Church and the Stage toward each other renders all but incredible that they are Mother and Daughter. Yet Mother and Daughter they are. In man's feeling for God in the universe was evolved the germ of the drama. The church was literally the first stage.

A closer thought shows that this must have been true, even if it were not perfectly authenticated. For what is drama? Literally action. The root is the Greek verb δράω, the Latin *agere*; and means to act, to do. And what is the method of the drama? Strictly, imitation in the way of action.

But there can be no action without cause; and no religion of which antiquity furnishes any record reasonably satisfactory—whether Eastern, Greek, Jewish, or Christian—attributed to man the original, primal cause of action. Whatever the name of his cult, however numerous his deities, man, prior to Christianity, was as clear as the Christian in his belief that the first cause of action was not in him, was not controlled by him, was above him, around him, in the heavens, in the air, in the sea.

Cutting a swift way back through the accumulated artificialities of the drama, we must search the observation and reflection of the first period of thinking mind—and that in the remote East—for the germ of the idea of drama, for the first perception of action, for the first concept of imitation in the way of action.

The first action man saw was the mysterious, the sublime animation of nature. He beheld the action of the spheres. Who moved them? Not himself. The power was not his; the power was outside his faculties, it was above him, infinite when compared with his powers; in all the attributes of force immeasurably his superior. He beheld the mighty sway of the sea. Who caused it? Not he. He trembled before it. Who flung gigantic tempests down the mountain sides, discharged the arrowy lightning through the forest, and cast huge trunks and blasted branches from the cliffs into the



rivers, swollen with torrents from the clouds? Not he; his feeble imagination shuddered before manifestations of energy of whose source he knew nothing except that it was not in him. Who sent instantaneous throbs through the heart of the earth, startling the shepherds in the valleys and prostrating the worshippers in the temples? Not he; he wondered and quivered; his sense was not one of causative power, but of helpless awe and blind amazement. He beheld the lovely dawn; and with his awe delight became mingled; but he knew that he had not made the glorious spectacle. The beauteous night approached; the action of the stars stirred his reverence and soothed his awe into confident tranquillity; but it was not his hand that ordered the shining globes, it was not his will that suspended the veil of midnight, it was not his awakening that summoned the birds from sleep and filled the morning twilight with song. Everywhere he saw action; and he had not caused it. Wherever he turned his eyes there was evidence of power and force, and the power and the force were not his. The earth, the air, the sea, the sky, the grass and flowers his careless feet trampled down, the leaves that rustled as he passed beneath their boughs, were full of action; were full, that is, of drama. He recognized a power outside himself which caused that action; a power universal, for it was everywhere and met him always; a power infinite, for it was without bounds of sense; a power inscrutable, for none of his tests or measurements could detect its substance; and with the instinct of making the ideal palpable to his reason, he named the power. The name varied according to the degree and the character of his intelligence; but the idea of the name was everywhere identical. The name symbolized the power that caused the first action, the author of the first drama; the idea of the name was God.

The action of God in nature was, therefore, the first drama; man's attempts to imitate the action of God became the method of the dramas he proceeded to devise in order to bring God nearer to himself, to involve the supreme energy in his own affairs; and these imitative attempts constitute the first ceremonial worship.

Gradually the simple idealism of purely divine action becomes overlaid with the phenomena of purely human action; man grows ambitious to imitate God; the most sublime of the functions of God become intermixed with the most ignoble aspirations of man; thus myth is engendered; legend is born and grows like a roadside weed; personification becomes a

universal practice until fact and metaphor are so woven together that the common mind could not separate them; and thus the mythology of every nation is a jumble of dramatic story and rite in which gods and men are actors, the gods having been shorn of many of their highest attributes to be endowed with the passions, the vices, and the faculties of men.

In each national pantheon there is discovered a stage; the pretended worship, when examined, is found to be only a confused drama—man striving to symbolize and imitate the action and the power of deity; and from the coign at which the traveller of to-day beholds in one direction the nineteenth century theatre, and in the other the simultaneous birth of religion and drama, he may easily hear the stage sneer at the Church, and the Church indignantly disown and denounce a scandalous ingrate.

The Indian drama, considered apart from ceremonial worship, is avowedly religious in its origin. According to the tradition, Brahma conveyed to Bharata his desire for theatrical performances; but Bharata means simply actor; and the divine sanction is still more emphatically apparent in the other legend that the earliest entertainments were in Heaven, the gods the audience, the actors nymphs and spirits. The drama of India became so realistic that it may be considered as having a distinct existence apart from any form of Eastern religious culture; but this can scarcely be said of the more highly refined and more elaborately organized drama of Greece. There religion and the drama were of one household; the temples were the theatres, and the functionaries of the temples were for the most part the actors.

Before Æschylus introduced dialogue, the chief task of the solitary player was to recite a dramatic legend relating some achievement of a deity or a wonderful success of mortals favoured of the gods; or descriptive of the penalties they inflicted on disobedience or impiety. The chorus sang or danced to relieve the tediousness of monologue. But while the great master broadened and enlivened the stage, his *materia poetica* was that of his predecessors; it was of the gods. The entire drama of Greece is of the gods; Greek mythology is intricately a drama, which continually engendered new myths. They were always dramatic, and they are characterized by striking uniformity of structure. As has been so finely pointed out in *The Queen of the Air*, each myth had three parts, the root and two branches. The root in physical existence is the sun, or sky, or cloud, or

sea. The second part is the personification of the root and the qualifying it with the attributes of gods and men; the third was the moral significance to be derived from the personification. This analysis will be found possible throughout the long creative period of Greek drama, whether it be applied to the models of the three greatest masters, or to the minor dramatic legends that lie like drift along the shore of classic literature.

We must always be prepared to read Greek myths as we trace threads through figures on a silken damask. In Ruskin's words: "The same thread runs through the web, but it makes part of different figures. Joined with other colours, you hardly recognize it, and in different lights, it is dark or light. Thus the Greek fables blend and cross curiously in different directions, till they knit themselves into an arabesque where sometimes you cannot tell black from purple nor blue from emerald, they being all the truer for this, because the truths of emotion they represent are interwoven in the same way." The religious idea was always the germ; and the highest tribute which has been paid either to the Greek drama or to modern embodiments of its ideals is crystallized in what has been said of Shelley's *Prometheus*—that "he has invested him with all the placid grandeur of Deity, all the tenderness of the good man."

On the stage of Rome we find only corroboration of the religious origin of drama as evidenced by the literature of the East and the poetry of Greece. For æsthetic Rome was not merely the residuary legatee, but the eager robber and the weak imitator of the strength, the fire, the invention, and the taste of Greece, on which the dramatic talent of Rome, even in the ages when, having passed its maturity, it declined and expired, was a fussy and pretentious but feeble and flowerless dependent. History Rome had and oratory before she led Greece captive and despoiled her of her ornaments; but all that remains of her history and her oratory is comprised in a Tacitus, a Livy, and a Cicero. Her poetry, of which her drama formed so important a part, was essentially Greek; Greek in its material, Greek in its first forms, Roman only in its debased spirit and ignoble aim. The great theatre of Marcellus was the embodiment of the relation between the drama of Rome and the genius of Greece. Its first story was Doric, its second Ionic, its third Corinthian. It was Greek in everything except coarse Roman comedy or roystering pantomime. Roman tragedy was essentially Greek. Many Athenian tragedies were literally translated and performed without alteration, some of the cleverest of the

Latin playwrights being content to serve as agents for making their countrymen acquainted with Attic sentiment. The tragedians themselves were wont to seek inspiration at the same Hellenic fount. When Lucretius went picnicking to the Iliad he found that Ennius had been often there with his basket. Pacuvius felt he had as much right to the Antiope of Euripides as Ennius to his Medea. But even when the Roman dramatist strove to create new symbols, to incarnate new ideals, he was still compelled to go to Greece for material; in proportion as he strove to be nationally Roman, he became more and more spiritually Grecian, for the composite which served Rome as religion was a mixture of Italian tradition with Greek myth. As Rome may be said to have had no poetic literature until Ennius subjected her language to the metrical discipline of Greek verse, so Rome may be said to have had no stage, until her dramatists constructed one of Greek timber. It is curious enough that when the playwright founded a piece on purely Roman legend, it failed of permanent popularity; and that it was the Greek tragedies which sustained the stage until the corrupting influences of the wars and the enervating spirit of increasing luxury lowered the standard of taste as manners deteriorated and patriotism sank with private probity. The stage of Rome was edifying and uplifting so long as it retained its Greek ideals. When it lapsed into native comedy, it became bizarre and boisterous, livelier action succeeding statuesque repose; but when it fell to Mimus, it grew ruffianly and riotous. Tacitus reports a debate in the senate over a motion that the prætors should whip the actors into propriety. It was voted down because Augustus had pronounced them exempt from chastisement; but a decree was passed that disorderly spectators might be exiled. Cicero mentions the enthusiastic audiences, including ladies and children, who were wont to attend the theatres in the days of the Greek tragedies. In the reign of Tiberius the pantomimic orgies were so indecorous that senators were forbidden to witness them. Pompey might build a magnificent theatre out of the spoils of the Mithridatic war; but the antics of the dancer Bathyllus speedily effaced the fame of the gracious and stately Roscius.

It would have been impossible for Greek comedy to have been diluted into modern comic opera. That is of Italian origin, and its first types were the *saturæ*, dramatic medleys or farces with musical accompaniment, the text being made up from

rustic raiillery of vintage and harvest home, and the action being interspersed with mimetic dances.

When Christianity looked in at the recreations of the Romans, about all that remained was coarse comedy, disgusting pantomime, the frenzy of the circus, the antics of the juggler, the pose and whirl of the ballet, the feats of the gymnast.

Of drama in the noble form nothing survived.

But a new religion was in the world. Once again drama becomes the handmaid of supernatural faith. The Church rebuilds the stage.

As the classic drama of Greece expounded the myths of Hellenic religion and transported its fainting form to Rome, so the early Christian church re-created drama upon the new foundations of dogma, tradition, and mystery, and upon these foundations was erected, from rude beginnings, the many-chambered edifice of English dramatic literature.

If all other evidence, however, were wanting, gesture alone would be sufficient to demonstrate the religious origin of drama. All physical motions recognized as symbols complementary to those of articulated thought, were alike spontaneous and religious. Every extension and contraction, each posture of the body, the modifications of visage, the dynamics of voice, all testify that God was the ideal centre of drama, and that religion, with its intuition of the residence of Deity in the Heavens, the poetical location of Hell below the earth, and the immense range of associations connected with these respectively, dictated the entire code of gesture long since universally conventionalized. To illustrate all the higher sentiments and emotions, the actor extends his arms upward and outward; to express lower emotions and sentiments, he extends his arms downward and reverses the palms. To symbolize joy, hope, desire, love, happiness, admiration; to entreat a blessing or implore forgiveness; to convey the thought of majesty, dignity, sympathy, power, energy, beauty, the gesticulation is upward. To express scorn, contempt, derision, hatred, loathing, abandonment, the gesture is downward. The gesture of delight is upward, of despair downward, of ecstasy upward, of grief downward, of success upward, of failure downward, of apotheosis upward, of condemnation downward.

Mother and daughter,—religion and drama, the Church and the Stage,—how wide is their estrangement! What God joined together man has indeed put asunder.

MARGARET F. SULLIVAN.

## *Breakspere.*

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

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### CHAPTER IX.

A MURKY English evening was closing a dreary day in autumn. The fine midland county scenery was enveloped in an ocean of blue mist. The ground was a moist, soddened, teeming mass of dead leaves. The brooks were pouring down from the hills masses of discoloured water, swelling the inundations, spreading far and wide over the lowland country.

Drip, drip, drip,—down comes the unceasing rain, splashing among the leaves, pouring down water-pipes, trickling off tarpaulins, and turning highways and byways into a very slough of despond. Crazybank looks very gloomy to-day. Its castellated battlements rise frowning above the steaming mist, the tufts of its evergreens look like detachments of plumed hearses conveying the unhappy inmates to their last homes; not a sight nor a sound to cheer the mind, only the occasional glimmer of a gas-burner, as it flickers out in the gloom. Whatever the effect of this bright English November on the minds of his patients, with Dr. Moonshine things are going on smoothly and satisfactorily. His numbers have increased, and his salary too, as he has succeeded in keeping alive in their misery half a dozen valuable nervous patients, whose combined vitality and nervousness were highly profitable to friends interested in their welfare.

He has by his side on the table, at which he sits sipping his port, a new and suggestive pamphlet on "Vivisection," by his learned friend Dr. Rack, but even the livelier passages of that instructive treatise are scarcely able to keep him from nodding, when a gentle but firm knock at the door heralds a visit from the housekeeper.

"Sorry to disturb you, sir, at this time, but some of the patients are very bad to-day."



"Ah! how can that be? Got every comfort, roaring fires, gas, lively look out, plenty of good food, and nothing to startle their minds in this quiet place."

"Perhaps, sir, the damp weather has an effect and damps them a bit."

"Very good thing, save us the bother of applying the douche to violent cases. But what's the matter? why does not Churchyard tell me?"

She closed the door carefully and looked round suspiciously; then drawing a step nearer she said: "Between ourselves, doctor, Churchyard, though a firm and a faithful hand, has some eccentricities that tell against him. For instance, in this gloomy sort of season, he's apt to get a little low and thinks he requires a drop of cordial, which makes him just a trifle savage and overdo his treatment of the patients."

Dr. Moonshine looked keenly at Mrs. Brainerd, narrowly scanning her hard features, and replied: "I'm inclined to think a little stimulant necessary in our arduous course of duty." He filled another glass of port: "We must not look too close at these matters, Mrs. Brainerd. Churchyard has had a hard life and the memory of past trials weighs heavy upon him."

"Then that new man with the broken nose counteracts all our treatment. He thwarts Churchyard's best endeavours and is ruining your best cases. Why there's Mr. Breakspere seems quite brightening up, and if we don't take care he will come right again."

"You don't mean that. I must look to this at once. I always fear an interloper. If this is so, you may tell the man his services are no longer needed. Pay up his wages for the month and pack him off to-morrow."

"That's the way to keep things straight," responded the lady, chuckling at the speedy success of her schemes, as she left the room, begging Dr. Moonshine look in at once on one or two "bad cases" and quiet them "a bit."

Dr. Moonshine was vexed at the interruption, and it was only after some effort that he tore himself from his port and "Vivisection," to take a look at the "bad cases." We will, however, not accompany him on his rounds, nor stand by while he vents his ill-temper in harsh words or brutal jests at the expense of the unfortunate patients confided to his tender mercies, but parting from him at the door of his sanctum, pass

along the gloomy corridor in a different direction, and inspect for ourselves the state of one of the sufferers.

In a dismal narrow cell with the gas turned "half-on," before a half-expiring fire sat Mr. Breakspere, senior, on that same November evening, in the enjoyment of a little respite and comparative peace, for the strait-waistcoat had been removed, the threats of further ill-treatment were hushed, and Churchyard was absent for awhile.

Nevertheless Mr. Breakspere's recreation did not seem very lively; deep dejection was on his face, and occasional tears trickled down his hollow cheeks; for though "his friends" had discovered that he had lost his faculties, his memory was certainly very active, and by those processes which, though of every day occurrence, yet defy all the acumen of philosophers and physiologists, the wondrous past with its pleasures and its pains was before him. He saw his peaceful childhood, his stormy youth, his brighter noon, his later years sinking deeper and deeper into the darkness. He saw the first sweet companion of his wedded life taken from him ere he had almost tasted the full delights of her society; he saw their only child, the lovely, bright-eyed boy in his joy and innocence, and then he saw dark shadows cross his path; that grim, sinister woman, her heartless and designing son, his desolate home, his broken peace, and then the catastrophe; the suspicion, the disgrace attaching to the one he held dearest in the world, his own despair, then all a blank, and now the hell of Crazybank.

He was thus absorbed when soft steps approached and a well-known voice addressed him in undertones: "You are down to-night, sir, and it's natural; the weather's awful, I never saw such a downpour in all my life, the floods are all out."

"Aye, Fuggles, well may nature weep over this miserable scene of woe, the theatre of nameless wrongs and untold crimes."

"Well, sir, it is bad enough to be sure, and I've reason to know it,"—that wretched son was before his father's mind—"but they say the blackest cloud has a silver lining," and the old man's eye glimmered with a strange light—"when things be at worst they often better themselves."

"I used to think it and hope it; but I have now seen so much of the triumph of injustice, of the sway of wickedness, of the heartless persecutions inflicted in the name of law, of the mass of misery in the world, just men proscribed, down-trodden, lacerated, dissected, carted to the gaol, the madhouse,

and the grave, because they are weak and helpless, and in-offensive, and good, that there are moments when—yes—I fear my mind will give way; there are moments when I doubt an overruling Providence, I doubt the existence of virtue, duty, right, and Heaven. Ah! to think I should be brought to say so!"

The strong nature groaned and shook, and the faithful follower stood by deeply touched at this wreck of so noble a nature. Presently a series of heavy sighs and groans escaped him, sounds of woe which attracted even the attention of his agonized master, who was ever ready to sympathize with distress, more especially in those attached to him.

"My poor Fuggles, you are getting ill in this horrid place. You have your own troubles, I know, and will catch your death of cold in this vile house. Why should I make you another victim, only for the sake of snatching a few more rays of comfort in the fast declining days of misery to which I'm doomed?"

Fuggles manner instantly changed; drawing himself up, he approached a step nearer, and with a very knowing look, first putting his forefinger on his lip as he surveyed all sides, the faithful servant in an undertone thus addressed his broken-hearted master:

"Fuggles is too deep for them, though they be the lowest blackguards that burrow under the earth. The bottomless pit's too good for them, but I will outwit old Moonshine yet, devil as he is."

Mr. Breakspere smiled faintly. "What can make you jest at such a time, my friend? What do you mean? I see you look very bright this evening, though all without and within appears at the blackest."

"I would not for all the world, sir, raise hopes that had no foundation, but I think I've got an idea and something more."

"I see, poor fellow, your brain too is turning in this dreadful place; I really must insist on your leaving."

"Leaving, sir? What would Mister Christopher say if he knew I'd found you *here* and left you thus?" and the fine old soldier drew himself up straight as a ramrod and made the military salute.

"You're a good soul, but it's all useless—and do you think Christopher still cares for me?"

"Aye, sir, and would lay down his life gladly to give you a moment's peace. Believe one who knows him well and loves him dearly,"—the old man brushed away a tear, as the thought or his own son rose to his mind—"that boy's true, as good as gold, and all the tales about him horrid lies."

Mr. Breakspere seized the hard, bony hand and shook it with a convulsive grasp.

"I believe you,—I do! would that I could look upon his dear face once more!"

"And so you shall," whispered Fuggles, "leave all to me. Look here," he added, pointing to a couple of large keys, in his trowser pocket. "I've learnt a good many turns in my day, and among them how to be turnkey. We'll give old Churchyard the slip, but hush——"

A noise was heard outside, and presently an ominous face appeared at the door, and Churchyard advanced with inflamed countenance and unsteady gait, having in his hand a strong, heavy whip.

"I cannot have any disturbance," hiccuped the head-keeper, "this is a quiet, properly conducted house. What do you want here, you good for nothing, lazy loon, not worth your keep? I can't have any brawls and drunken rows in this house, sir. This is a water doctor's place, and we don't allow spirits."

"I don't know what you mean," interposed Mr. Breakspere plaintively, "except that you certainly allow no one to keep up his spirits, and no good spirits ever visit me in this house, but very evil ones, when you or Mrs. Brainerd come this way."

Churchyard was decidedly the worse for liquor, but he had a dim notion that a reflection was implied.

"What do you mean, sir, by presuming to cast aspersions on the ladies and gentlemen that control—hiccup—this establishment?"

"I mean, sir," exclaimed Mr. Breakspere, roused to high excitement and exasperation by ill-treatment and disgust, "that it is a disgrace to the nation and a shame to humanity to have such a place as this, and to intrust cultivated and respectable people to the hands of drunken wretches like you. Stand back."

The situation was critical. Mr. Breakspere imposing, almost threatening, in his stern reproach, standing back with arms folded and head erect; Churchyard, with the mixture of conscious arrogance, low cunning, and brutal anger, peculiar to his class and character, standing a moment at bay, cowed by

the commanding air of his victim, then advancing his long arm and heavy hand, like some bird of prey to strike him; in the background Fuggles, restraining himself with difficulty, until the right moment for action should come and he could wreak vengeance on the persecutor.

At length, starting forward with an oath, Churchyard brandished the horse-whip he held, and had already given a sharp cut, making his poor victim writhe, and was prepared to inflict another, when a strong arm was thrown suddenly round his neck, and Fuggles, winding a thick shawl over his mouth, signalled Mr. Breakspere to help him, and both after a sharp struggle capsized the man, far gone in drunkenness, on the wretched hard bed of his victim. There rendered speechless by the shawl at his mouth, though kicking violently, he was strapped tight to the bed with a stout rope that Fuggles had brought in his pocket, and when they had fitted the strait-waistcoat on the tormentor, Fuggles, turning to Mr. Breakspere, his face almost beaming with a schoolboy's fun, said :

"Now's our time, as the old whipper-in's caught in his own trap. Follow me and hush!"

Mr. Breakspere, quickly throwing on his great coat and hat, followed his faithful servant into the passage, after they had turned off the gas, leaving Churchyard to puff and struggle and gasp in his strait-waistcoat.

Swiftly they descended the numerous stairs and passages, well-known to Fuggles, who had carefully studied the topography of Crazybank, past the condemned cells of the numerous victims, till they came to the wing occupied by Dr. Moonshine and Mrs. Brainerd. They had reached the last passage, leading to the hall of entrance, when they heard footsteps behind them.

Detection was destruction, a false move was failure; the difficulty was to conceal Mr. Breakspere. There was only one expedient—to turn off the gas. Quick as lightning Fuggles' hand was on the tap, and as Dr. Moonshine was rounding the corner, the light went out.

On he came, groping his way and muttering about that fool Churchyard, and the bad service and a change being needful. The passage was narrow, and Fuggles had seen, like an old soldier, the necessity of further stratagem. Happily, the fugitives had luck on their side. Dr. Moonshine, put out in his reckoning, was feeling his way slowly down the passage, while his victim and the faithful attendant, were glued to the wall,

trying to evade notice, when the doctor's foot tripped and he fell over a large water-pail.

Cursing his mishap and his menials, and vowing vengeance on all his luckless staff, Dr. Moonshine scrambled up, limping, with shins bruised, and darted aside, out of the passage, thinking he was making his way to his own wing. But the place into which he dived, thinking it the passage, proved to be the opening to the lift, with which this luxurious establishment was provided.

With the acute perception of a soldier, inured to war and quickened by service in a lawyer's office, Fuggles detected at once Dr. Moonshine's mistake. Bidding Mr. Breakspere keep still, he rushed to the machinery and letting the wheel turn, the Vivisector shot away to the upper regions with alarming velocity.

No sooner was he gone than Fuggles, lighting a match and small taper, and drawing out the keys he had abstracted from Churchyard's pocket, unlocked and unbolted the front gate—for it was now late—and gently pushing out Mr. Breakspere, followed him into the cold, dark outer air, to be homeless wanderers, amidst inundation and pestilence and poverty, but to what made all these evils feather-light, in the balance—to return to liberty and sanity and love.

But even in this supreme moment, when every instant the wild ringing of bells and tramp of feet, might be expected hastening on the chase of the fugitives, Fuggles could not forget a little further pastime, at the expense of the tormenters, or forget the sorrows of the unhappy victims they left behind.

In an outhouse separate from the main building was a large mass of papers curiously wrought, and shaped like balloons, umbrellas, and other quaint figures, the product of some poor lunatic's diseased mind. Casting his taper and a handful of lighted matches, into the chaos, and leaving the front door wide open, Fuggles darted into the shrubberies, and dragging Mr. Breakspere behind him, they were soon lost in the pitchy darkness of that autumn night.

Fuggles, helping along his poor trembling master, and supporting his steps, for he was unused to much exertion and weakened by trial and suffering, took the fields as soon as he had issued from the grounds, and keeping under the shadow of the trees and hedges, made direct and as fast as they were able to go for the village of Boglethorpe, where he knew Joseph Waters would be their friend and forward them on their way to a refuge.



Mr. Breakspere's feelings were too strange and too mixed for him to realize his position, yet a kind of jubilant tone came up from his inner nature, his mind was full of buoyant happiness, and his feet seemed to have wings, though he was stumbling fearfully in the dark through slush and mud. As for Fuggles, his was the very schoolboy's delight at an holiday, heightened to ecstasy by combination with the emancipation of his dear master from the most horrible fate, and a just vengeance inflicted on malefactors. He almost danced with joy, when after looking over his shoulder from time to time at Crazybank, he saw at length a bright flame of fire shoot up and lap out of the windows and curl up to the roof of the outhouse, he could not suppress a light hurrah, though the jingling bells and shouts and cries showed the alarm was given and that no time was to be lost. But he was aware also that their retreat was covered by his masterly strategy in firing the shed and in calling off attention from any other care than that of quenching the conflagration, while he saw that in the confusion their escape would be easily overlooked, at least for a time.

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## CHAPTER X.

THE beautiful Italian spring has descended on the plains of Lombardy and Venetia. The lovely banks of Garda are a shrubbery of light green, fragrant with orange blossoms. Nature puts on her gayest holiday attire in that bright, fertile land of breezy lakes and majestic rivers whose azure waters meander through the fat pasture-lands and wash the walls of cities, with their many Campaniles and frescoed palaces gleaming in the rays of the southern sun.

Verona looks very venerable and very stately in the slanting rays of the May sun sinking in the west. The stones and buttresses of its wondrous amphitheatre stand out in rich relief against the glorious tints of the evening sky; its palaces and churches shine with marvellous light, and the Adige shimmers like a tide of molten silver, while towards the distant horizon the Alps roll away their purple ranges of ridge and rock, the nearer slopes being garlanded with festoons of vines and decked with waving crops of Indian corn. Here and there, out of this sea of verdure, appear frowningly the grim outworks and solid masonry of huge fortifications, bristling all over with cannon,

ready to pour death and destruction on the fair scene of peace and plenty. The white uniforms of Austria are seen dotting the ramparts, and the flag with the double eagle floats over batteries and forts, for we are in the midst of the Quadrilateral, and the great Kaiser will not, without a fierce struggle, give up his hold on these fair lands of Italy, so long held under German, French, or Spanish thralldom, or under the sway of that fell oligarchy of Venice which in its degenerate days was far from an honour to the Italian name.

The streets of the town, usually tranquil and silent, are a scene of considerable stir. Dashing Hungarian Hussars are seen here and there galloping over the pavement, laden with dispatches; a crowd of officers in the various elegant uniforms of the Imperial and Royal army, are congregated round the principal café; the dark-eyed Italian women look on and wonder, whilst the men keep aloof and in knots of two or three, pass a word with bated breath, that burns and spreads like a train of gunpowder.

Anon one of Austria's grand, majestic bands passes crashing through the streets, and the music-loving Italians draw nigh to listen in spite of their antipathy to the foreigner, who has yet done more for their advancement than any of their native dynasties.

Conspicuous among the group of officers, smoking and talking round the café, in the handsome green uniform of a Lancer regiment, with his clear blue eye, vigorous frame, and rich brown hair, is Christopher Breakspere, whose cheeks are a trifle more bronzed by long marches and camp life, under southern suns, than when he left England. His companion is an aristocratic-looking young man, a year or two older, with a darker complexion and black eyes and hair. The young Marquis Gaston de Villefranche was the scion of one of the oldest families in Dauphiné, whose ancestors had fought on many a distant battlefield, upholding the lilies of France, in Palestine, at Bovines, Marignan, Ravenna, and Stein-Kerk. Driven into exile during the Revolution and First Empire, they had lived mostly in Austria, till returning to France at the peace, they had recovered a part of their patrimony under Louis the Eighteenth.

In 1830, true to their colours and creed, they had followed Charles the Tenth to Austria, and young Gaston, with heart still warm for France, but attached to the Count de Chambord with the deathless loyalty of his race, had obtained an appoint-

ment in the Uhlan regiment of Prince Rudolph in the Austrian service, to which the young French noblesse felt specially attracted.

"Have you heard the news?" inquired Gaston, as he twisted a cigarette in his fingers, small and delicate as a woman's.

"I have heard rumours," replied Lieutenant Breakspere, "and if they prove to be true I regret the intelligence."

"What!" exclaimed Gaston, "regret the chance of winning military honours, of seeing something of glorious war, of shaking off these piping times of peace? I do not understand you, *mon cher*; you are in this quite incomprehensible."

"It might take long for me to give you my reasons. Military honours I prize; some wars even I conceive to be glorious; barrack life and idleness I hate; but I do not see much glory to be gained in this struggle. The hosts of Austria are gallant, and might be used in a better service, as in the grand old time when Prince Eugène beat back the Crescent and saved the Cross."

"Dreams of romance, my dear fellow. These coward Italians cannot rule themselves, and never were they better governed than now and here."

"That may be true; but every nation thirsts for independence and has a right to it."

"If it can win and keep it. With your views you would be a partisan of rebellion."

Breakspere said nothing, for the argument thrust home closely. He was very young, and had not been in a sphere calculated to develop much political acumen. His father's partialities were with Conservative interests, but Christopher had certain instinctive sympathies, like most young minds, with the spirit of innovation.

"I would prefer to fight the Russians."

"My dear friend, you are very insular in your prejudices. Your army in India is a greater tyranny to the Hindoos than the Austrian rule here. Ask the Sepoys and Pandies if they liked their treatment in 1857?"

"But Victor Emmanuel is a national King, and Francis Joseph is not?"

"I dispute that. The *Re Galantuomo* is a Savoyard, and the Austrian is a Swiss; you know the Hapsburgs are from Auran."

"You know much more about these things than I do, Ville-

franche, and I dare say you are right. I certainly joined the Austrian army to see gallant service and follow a noble profession, and I am sure you would be associated with no other."

The handsome Frenchman bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment.

"I know that much is to be said for the defensive attitude of Austria," continued Breakspere, "but I am not yet so conversant with the international relations as you are, Villefranche. I am at present somewhat of a *condottiere*—a soldier of fortune; I seek hard knocks rather than high honours, and I will be true to the flag, wherever it goes. But here comes Colonel Krautz, as gallant a soldier as ever charged a battery. Let us hear what he says of events."

Colonel Krautz, of the Prince Rudolph Lancers, was a tall, powerful German officer, the modern representative of the Barons and Ritters of the past, with fair hair, large tawny moustachios, and a keen, fearless blue eye. A little stiff and rather bow-legged from early riding, he clanked up to the lieutenants, with sabre and spurs jingling as he strode.

"So, gentlemen, hard blows at last, and a chance of a captaincy for both of you, unless this rabble of Italians run away before they give you a chance. If it were the Prussians it would be something like fighting. I wish we had to do with them."

"How soon, Colonel, are we ordered to march?"

"It is as yet held secret. We may start for the outposts to-night, and then, young Englander, you will see the stuff Austria's troops are made of, that is, if the *bersaglieri* don't turn tail too soon."

The conversation was interrupted by a grand march of troops forming part of the corps of General Kühn, ordered to observe the approaches to Peschiera and guard the Italian Tyrol.

On they came in gallant array, waving lines of white, their bayonets glancing in the sun, to the notes of martial music and the soul-stirring rattle of drums, as battalion on battalion they moved along, a mighty host. Then came the neat grey tunics and dark green feathers of the Tyrolese Jäger, and after them the wild-looking Croats, with brown uniform and sky-blue hose entering their neatly-laced boots; after these a prancing, knightly force of Hungarian Hussars, brilliant and gay, in sky-blue dolmans and jackets, and in the rear thundered up

the splendidly appointed artillery of Austria, that had spoken to much purpose on many hard-fought fields.

The pageant passed, and our two young officers were about to return to their quarters when their attention was directed to a crowd and a murmur in the streets. Approaching to ascertain the cause, they were surprised to see a handsome Italian of commanding stature and striking countenance, who, his civilian's clothes torn and blood-stained, his hands tied painfully behind his back, was being pushed along unceremoniously, with the butt-end of their muskets, by a squad of Croats, under the orders of a rough-looking subaltern.

The stranger, a man of gentleman-like bearing, was escorted and followed by a sympathizing crowd of Italians, many of them women, whose numbers were occasionally and unceremoniously kept back by the Austrian escort, but who, though evidently in awe of the authorities, did not scruple to give utterance to southern demonstrations and ejaculations, mostly of sympathy and even of approval.

"Poverino," "Va al martirio," "Muore per la patria," "Glorioso spione," &c., were the frequent expressions they uttered under their breath.

Villefranche stepped up to the subaltern, and on inquiry was curtly told that the stranger had been lurking round the walls of Peschiera, apparently to make plans and take sketches of the country, such drawings having been found secreted in his pockets. He must go to the head-quarters of the Governor of Verona, who would question him, and in all probability order him out for summary execution.

While Villefranche was questioning the Croat, a gleam of recognition passed over the face of the Italian, but he was far too skilled in self-command to do anything that might betray his friend or his own position. At the request of Gaston, the two Lancer officers accompanied the "spy" to the Hotel de Ville, where he was to appear before the Governor.

After a brief delay, the Italian was ushered into the presence of the Governor in his Bureau, and as Villefranche was about to follow, he was stopped by the orderly officer, a rugged Bohemian cuirassier, and sternly asked his business.

"I wish to see his Excellency about this man."

"On what grounds?"

"I know him and his history, and can help to explain matters."

"His Excellency is very much occupied, and has no time for private matters. The case is clear; the man will be shot; and, *donnerwetter*, he deserves his fate!"

"I must see the Governor," persisted Villefranche, his eyes lighting up with anger.

The old cuirassier was heard muttering something about these "insolent boys," and added aloud: "No one must enter. Who are you?"

"The Marquis de Villefranche. Take him my card."

The cuirassier, awed by the sound of a title, took the card, saying, "I will see, *gnädiger Herr*, I will see."

Thereupon he clanked off, and soon returned with a message for Gaston to enter.

The *cabinet de travail* of the old Governor was one befitting a soldier who had served on Radetzky's staff and learned in a good school. Maps and plans encumbered the table, reports and regulations covered the shelves, rifles and pistols of a new pattern were scattered about. His Excellency Baron Trautenau had just been curiously examining a recently invented American breech-loader.

Dressed in the neat white Austrian uniform, his breast covered with many decorations, the veteran officer looked noble and soldierly, with his silvery hair fringing a well-bronzed and furrowed countenance, lighted up by clear, steel-blue eyes, and marked by a scar across his broad forehead.

On each side were seated two or three officers, quiet, gentleman-like men, while facing him, with his hands still tightly bound, his look as firm and fearless as ever, stood the Italian prisoner.

Old Trautenau could speak Italian with considerable ease, and himself questioned the stranger. His name—Lorenzo Pescara; his country—Piedmont; his profession—major in the Italian army.

A slight pause ensued, as the Governor whispered something to one of the staff by his side, who went out. Turning to the Croat sub-lieutenant, in short, sharp questions, he elicited the facts of the capture, and then asked to see the drawings found on the person of the stranger. These were handed in and examined with much care, appearing to occasion some doubt and discussion in the minds of the German officers.

Addressing the Italian, General Trautenau began again:

"How do you explain these plans being in your possession?"



"It is accidental."

This reply did not satisfy.

"What do they represent?"

"They do not relate to anything in this part of Italy."

Some further talk went on between the Austrian officers, after which the commander proceeded:

"I fear we cannot do anything for you, sir. Your presence in the midst of our fortresses and your papers compromise you deeply. You know the fate reserved for spies?"

"I am not afraid of death, and if I die, I die innocent. I think the work of spies in such a cause almost excusable, but I am not a spy."

"What brought you to our lines?"

"My duty to my mother," and as he spoke an expression of deep pain passed over Pescara's handsome face.

"It may be as you say, signor, but we have not any proof of the truth of your statements."

A burning rush of blood coloured the olive complexion of the prisoner, but he said nothing. Then Gaston interposed:

"Your Excellency, may I say a word?"

"If it is to the point and brief."

"I know this man, and can vouch for his being an officer and a gentleman who has rendered me a lasting service."

"Past services will not wipe out his present guilt. Can you prove his words true? Can you establish that he is not a spy, and that he came here to see his mother?"

"No, but I am so sure of his innocence that I would give my life as a pledge for it."

"Enough!" said Trautenau, who was a peremptory man; "you are young and over trustful; you do not know these Italians. If he cannot prove his words, he must be shot to-morrow morning. You may remove the prisoner"—this to the officer in charge. "Give him the officer's chamber, and have a good guard kept.—Sir, I regret you will not meet with a happier or more honourable death."

"Governor, I regret nothing."

As he passed Gaston, he thanked his friend with a look conveying more than words.

No sooner had Pescara left the Cabinet than Villefranche stepped up to the table before which the Baron was seated, and, on behalf of the prisoner, begged for a delay of twenty-four hours, while he applied to the commander-in-chief respecting the fate of the prisoner.

"I respect your efforts, Marquis," said the grey-headed general, "but what you ask exceeds my powers to grant."

"Reflect, Baron; he is an Italian noble and an officer: it would be very unfortunate were there any mistake. I am confident the prisoner speaks the truth; he is the soul of honour—besides, he is allied to the noble German house of Stahremberg on his mother's side."

The Governor paused, and contending feelings worked on his powerful features. At last he grasped the Frenchman's hand, and a kindly beam lighted his countenance.

"Lieutenant, you have pleaded well; you have your request; but only twenty-four hours—more I dare not grant, and I do it at my peril. Austrian discipline is strict; and remember, I do not trust Italians. They are all trained in the school of Macchiavelli."

Gaston bowing, thanked the Governor with all the effusion of his warm nature; then hurried to carry out his plan of rescue during the short reprieve allowed to his friend. He had just rejoined Christopher in the ante-chamber, and, with a radiant smile on his handsome face, was relating his success, when the distant notes of a trumpet sounding the *boute-selle* struck upon the evening air and made him start.

"Ciel, what is that?—it sounds like the trumpet of the Lancers."

They hastened out to the street, and there, in the light of the declining day, saw a number of troops hastening to their quarters. A glance sufficed to convince Gaston that the Prince Rudolph Lancers were called on to march to the front, and his suspicions were confirmed on questioning an orderly who was trotting past.

The unexpected summons was indeed unwelcome at that moment. "Alas! we must go," he said to his companion, striking his forehead with the back of his hand; "duty cannot be evaded. Poor Pescara!—what will become of him? His last hope is dashed away! Yet what a noble heart—so young, so gallant, so generous! How can I leave him to perish thus——"

## CHAPTER XI.

THE brilliant afterglow of a spring evening is fading away over the purple outlines of the Alps. The smoke ascends from tranquil villages on the uplands about the Lake of Garda. But all is not peace on these lovely shores, for a camp is pitched along the hills, and the peaceful hills and valleys are alive with a large multitude of bronzed and resolute men, the flower of Austria's troops, prepared to engage in the dreadful game of war—so lightly ventured upon by Ministers and Diplomats, so deadly in its results to families and nations. Watchfires light up the landscape far and wide, the snow-white tents gleam in the moonlight, and the measured tramp of sentinels is heard on every side.

The camp of the Prince Rudolph Lancers is pitched on an eminence skirting the Adige, prepared for the defensive or for an incursion on the enemy's territory, as may be most expedient. The horses are picketed, and most of the men are taking their evening meal and smoking round their watchfires. If we approach one of these groups and listen to the gossip of the men, we shall be surprised to recognize one of our own countrymen in the thick-set, good-natured-looking fellow yonder, who is descanting to his comrades on the merits of British beef and porter, and endeavouring to explain to them that he has left these and other substantial attractions in his native land in order to watch over the fortunes of Lieutenant Breakspere. Poor Chuckles! They comprehend but little of what he says, but they pledge him in strong *schnaps*, and then wrapping themselves in their white cloaks, soon sink into sleep under the solemn stars, among the waving vines of those classic fields dear to the muse of Virgil and Catullus.

Meanwhile we will pass on to a tent near the head-quarters of the regiment, where two officers are still awake and talking together in a low tone of voice, though all lights have been extinguished with rigid discipline. Wrapped in his martial cloak, a foraging cap on his head, his sabre and pistols laid aside, sat Christopher Breakspere, smoking a cigar, while opposite him was Villefranche, fully accoutred and ready to mount, reclining on the ground and leaning against a saddle.

"I tell you, I cannot rest, I cannot live and let him perish thus!" said the fiery, sensitive Frenchman.

"What can you do, my dear Gaston? Life is often very hard; its trials almost unbearable; yet we must bend to fate, the *Kismet* of the Arabs. How often I envy their strength of resignation to Iron Destiny. I too have known despair."

"You speak rashly; you have been trained in a school of hopeless philosophy, or you have shaken off wholesome traditions. *Aide toi, Dieu t'aidera* is a better motto."

"Try it; but if you do, I pity you with all my heart."

"I will try it," said Gaston firmly, "and this very night, and you shall see which can effect most, your apathy or my energy."

Christopher looked sad and sighed; for he was one who, though young, had encountered the bitterest disappointments of the brightest dreams, and all through what a superficial judgment might have classed as accidents. After a short pause, with warm tones of sympathy he resumed:

"Gaston, what makes you feel so deeply for this Italian? You have generally expressed contempt for much in the national character and turbulent state of this country. How comes it that you, the legitimist, the heir of Crusaders, the adherent of Henry the Fifth, the aristocrat, the absolutist, the Austrian officer, feel sympathy for a friend of Garibaldi and associate of Freemasons and Socialists—probably a spy?"

"That he is not; he is, moreover, of my own class, of one of the oldest families of Italy, allied to a German house. But more than this, he is a true nobleman and gentleman, and I can sympathize with his generous impulses, however visionary they may be in my opinion. There is not a vestige of egotism in his nature, and, most of all, I owe my life to him."

"Would it be indiscreet in me to beg you to tell me more of this? You know that all in your history interests me."

"The night advances, and my time is limited; if I attempt anything for him, it must be at once. I can only tell you very briefly; but it is well, if anything happens to me, that you should know all about it."

Christopher lighted another cigar, and was all attention.

"It is seven years ago. I was then very young, only nineteen, and held the commission of sub-lieutenant in an infantry regiment. Austria had been driven to war by the pressure of Louis Napoleon, who, after the Orsini bombs, had a terror of Italian conspirators, and sought to conciliate them by throwing

them Lombardy as a sop. We formed part of the corps of Count Clam-Gallas ; and after the battle of Magenta, when the French army was saved from destruction by MacMahon, we evacuated Milan and fell back to the Quadrilateral. Our army occupied almost the same ground as at present ; and after some manœuvring we advanced to meet the French, while the Emperor Napoleon made a simultaneous movement forward, and the two armies came into collision at Solferino.

"I pass over the principal episodes of this hard-fought day, which was won by the French, chiefly by the invention of the new, far-reaching artillery introduced in the French army, and by the incompetence of the Austrian commanders.

"I was posted at the right centre, where there was hard fighting throughout the day. Our attention was concentrated on our immediate front, whence a succession of attacks issued to break against our serried ranks, strongly posted but unfortunately exposed to the far-reaching French artillery. I can now remember but little of that terrible day, but grimly we stood at our post, with faces blackened by powder and flags rent with shot, as our ranks kept thinning under the terrible fire of the French *canons rayés*. My position was painful, trying in the extreme. Yet I felt that in the Frenchmen opposed to me I was encountering the children of those who had brought the virtuous Louis the Sixteenth to the block, who had broken the hearts of Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth, who had tortured Louis the Seventeenth to death, who had stripped my Order of its birthright, and turned French armies into robber hordes, the curse of the nations. I stood firm to the banner of Austria, of legitimacy, and of religion.

"But soon we were out-flanked, over-matched, borne-down, almost crushed, yet fighting to the last. The centre at Solferino had been broken through, but Benedek had defended the Piedmontese at the left wing, and retarded the advance of the French army. Still the day was lost. On came the reckless, furious Zouaves, their swords flashing in the evening sun ; on came the nimble Chasseurs-à-pied, steady and swift ; on came the Chasseurs d'Afrique, sweeping over the valley like an all-devouring torrent, we were almost abandoned, surrounded, yet slowly, sullenly, grimly we fell back, our flag still waving bravely above us, for we were the noted Friedland regiment, with a name high and bright in the story of Austria's glory.

"Suddenly shouts are heard in our rear, the French cuirass-

siers are upon us, we are surrounded! Not then did our hearts quail. *Rendez vous*, roared the French colonel. *Jamais*, was my reply. Our heroic Colonel, Werner, with clear ringing tone, ordered the rallying square to be formed. A shining circle of bayonets is presented to the enemy, closing in on every side. *Rendez vous*, repeats the French Colonel, in tones of thunder. *Plutôt la mort*, is my reply. *Soit*, and he orders a charge which shivers against a crushing volley of our men.

"At this supreme moment I caught sight of Werner towering above us all, the next moment he was laid low, a bullet through his lungs. 'It is nothing, children,' he gasped, 'Gott and Kaiser, hurrah! Bugler sound the rescue.'

"The man had the horn to his lips when a ball carried off his head. Coolly, quietly, Werner took it from the dead man's hand, and with dying breath, as the blood welled from his mouth, he blew the noted call.

"I could see no more, as cavalry thundered upon us on one side, while a furious Zouave charge came down upon our front. All seemed lost, a wreck in the ocean of battle, our banner wavered and tottered, for unperceived a ball had entered my ribs and another had fractured my arm, when a joyous German shout rang through the air: *Fest und muthig*—'You are saved!' A thousand flashing blades are mingled as a powerful mass of Austrian dragoons bears down to our rescue and clears our rear.

"The wreck of the regiment was saved, and our flag was taken from my paralyzed hand by an Austrian officer, who left me for dead. There was not time to carry off our wounded; the French were upon us again in overwhelming numbers and the Austrian host draws off, covered by a tremendous thunder-storm, leaving us to our fate. For some time unconscious, I was awakened by a sharp pain, and looking up I seemed to be in a dreadful dream. A swarthy, satanic face, with black beard and eyebrows, dressed in light blue Algerian uniform was hanging over me. A Turco, one of the savage Mohammedan soldiery of Imperial France, introduced into Europe to fight its battles and civilize Christendom, was kneeling upon me, rifling my pockets, and then raising the sword-bayonet was about to draw it across my throat. I felt my end was at hand, and though shuddering at such a fate, lay helpless at the villain's mercy, when the sharp clatter of hoofs was heard, up dashed an officer in Piedmontese uniform, who



striking aside the miscreant's sword, bade him stand off, and as the man refused this, stunned him with a blow from the back of his sabre. Then turning to a gallant band of *bersaglieri*, who had followed him, he commanded them to bear me tenderly to the Italian ambulance, where my wounds were dressed, and he came to visit me and comfort me that evening, though he was himself wounded.

"This officer was Lorenzo, Marquis of Pescara, and on the morrow, by leave from the King, he removed me with himself to his mother's château on the Lake of Garda, close to where we are now, and where I rapidly recovered, for who could linger, tended and nursed by the hands of the marchioness his mother, and those of her lovely niece, Gertrude von Stahremberg."

Breakspere was silent but deeply moved. He had the strong sympathy and delicate feeling of high natures, and a flush that passed over his companion's face betrayed that something more than gratitude stirred his soul. Such feelings were too sacred for cross-questioning; he left Villefranche to speak again.

"And now, what is my duty—what should you do?"

"Go, and go at once," was the answer, "and God speed you;" a warm press of the hand told Gaston more than words as he withdrew from the tent, and quietly loosening his horse, rode off at speed for Verona, through the shadows of night across the historic plains of Venetia.

## Reviews.

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### I.—CANON LAW ON THE PLAN OF THE DECRETALS.<sup>1</sup>

THE Church of Christ to be adequately apprehended must be viewed from a twofold standpoint, as the sphere and scope of her action are twofold, and the same holds good of the work her Divine Founder has given her to do. Standing in close and essential relation these several ends and spheres of activity derive from each other their necessary complement and perfection. On the one hand, the Church has to deal with the individual in those relations to God and the world to come involved in his call and election to the light and lot of the sons of adoption. On the other, her action is concerned with the temporal relations of her individual members to each other and to the world-wide brotherhood to which they are bound by the golden links of Catholic faith and fellowship. Her strictly personal dealings require and imply the bringing home to each of the baptized the several means of Divine grace intrusted to her stewardship, the word of doctrine, of exhortation, of warning or rebuke, individual contact with each soul with a view to its justification, and final salvation, the sacramental ministries including the exercise of that power of binding or loosing which bars or unlocks the gates of God's eternal kingdom. This sphere of action is usually termed the *forum poli*, the *forum internum*, the inner court, the court of conscience. But as results from her archetypal idea and her history, the Church of Christ is an organized society, knitting her members together in a visible body needing for its permanence and activity things of earth and time. This lower sphere of the regulative activity of the ecclesiastical power, of the Church viewed in her external aspect, in her temporal relations as a society of men destined to endure to the end of ages, and to infold all nations, is known as

<sup>1</sup> *Jus Canonicum Juxta Ordinem Decretalium Recentioribus Sedis Apostolicæ Decretis et Recte Rationi In Omnibus Consonum.* Auctore E. Grandclaude, Vic. Gen., S. Th. et J. C. D. 3 vols in large 8vo. Paris: Victor Lecoffre, 1882.

the *forum fori*, the *forum externum*, the outer court. These distinctions by no means imply separation in life and reality, they do but accentuate the trite truism that the Church has to deal with those committed to her education, both as persons, and, in what may well be called their generic character, as members of a regenerate and renewed humanity ; thus, the vital connection between the inner and outer jurisdiction, between the *forum internum et externum* is akin to that which exists for every man between ethics and jurisprudence, law and morality. From these elementary considerations it obviously follows that we may expect but detriment to the good estate of the Church from the shelving of the study of the Sacred Canons as a superfluous luxury of clerical training. Right and duty are essentially correlative, and an exclusive appeal to a somewhat vaguely formulated inner law, to the rule of thumb dignified far beyond its deserts by the name of custom, or precedent, is fated to be as fertile in mischievous results as the confusion in the ethical sphere of counsel with precept, or of the respective claims of justice and charity. Hence may it be deemed a healthy sign, when men like our author, fitted alike by learning and experience, devote the scanty margin of leisure snatched from the toils of the sacred ministry, or from the cares of diocesan government, to the expounding, we might almost say, to the resuscitation of canonical jurisprudence.

It need hardly be said that M. l'Abbé Grandclaude is not the first who has devoted himself of late years to the rehabilitation of a too long discarded branch of ecclesiastical lore, he may, however, claim the credit of having broken with the fashion set in the last century by Van Espen,<sup>2</sup> as with the sole exception of Devoti's<sup>3</sup> valuable but incomplete work, none other of the recently published manuals of ecclesiastical law follows the system of the Decretals. At first sight, this may seem to be of but slight importance, but by diverting students from the sources, the method (or no-method) of our modern canonists has been as detrimental to the scientific study of canon law as have our multitudinous *Compendia* and hand-books to that of dogmatic theology. The utterances of the Chief Pastor on this latter point are too recent to need recalling. It is in the spirit of this warning an august voice has so lately addressed to the Churches that our author has decided to take his stand, *stare super*

<sup>2</sup> *Jus ecclesiasticum Universum*. Col. Agripp. 1702.

<sup>3</sup> *Juris Canonici universi Libr. v.* Romæ, 1803—15.

*antiquas vias.* Eschewing the bootless task of tracing a new plan while there was one ready to hand claiming the twofold sanction of authority and time-honoured experience, he avoids the shortcomings and inconveniences of an exclusive method. In recommending this work, as we conscientiously may, to students and readers of the sacred canons, we bear explicit witness to its eminently practical character; not that it lacks the historical element which traces the several phases of ecclesiastical legislation from its earliest ascertainable beginnings down to the latest date, but, as should ever be the case in a manual destined for the academical exposition of canon law, the practical method predominates, and is shown throughout to be compatible with a rigorously scientific treatment of the subject-matter.

Starting from principles in numerous instances adopted from the Civil Law, that master-piece of practical reason, the author descends by a strictly logical process to each particular conclusion. This does not mean that his developments are grounded on an arbitrarily selected, abstract *a priori* postulate, such a method may (or may not) be purely philosophical, but it is wholly out of place in a treatise on ecclesiastical law, and at variance with history, since the Church and her institutions have their reason and origin not in any anticipation of human thought, but in 'the manifestation of God in the flesh,' the positive and central fact of history, infinitely beyond and above the highest flights of human speculation or forecast. Ere passing from these observations on the author's method, we suggest these few considerations—it is far from true that the ante-Tridentine legislation of the Church as set forth in the *Decretum Gratiani*, the Decretals, the Sext of Boniface the Eighth, and the Clementines, which constitute the official collection of the *Corpus Juris clausum*, has been abrogated to any considerable extent; that there is any solution of continuity between the *Jus novum* and that of the *Corpus*. In reducing her legislation to system, the Church, as is her wont, availed herself of the best materials at hand, she adopted the maxims and methods of the Roman jurists, to which, far more than to its literature, for the most part a pale reflex of Hellenic genius, the language of Republican and Imperial Rome owes its present position as an instrument of culture. Thus the Civil and Canon Law stand to each other in a relation akin to that of the teaching of Aristotle to the metaphysical speculations, the ethics and

methods of the Catholic schools, no wonder then that a treatment of Canon Law which ignores this relationship must needs be as destitute of scientific character as a course of scholastic theology making no account of the Stagiriæ. Ere they shelved the Decretals, our modern canonists might have taken a lesson from "those without." The best modern editions of the *Corpus Juris* are due to the labours of such eminent Protestant legists as Böhmer and Richter, and their value as an ecclesiastical code has ever been highly appreciated in the foremost Protestant schools of law.

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2.—LIFE OF FATHER HOFBAUER, C.S.S.R.<sup>1</sup>

It is little more than forty years ago that the Redemptorist Fathers first settled in England. It seems scarcely credible when we see how they have spread over the length and breadth of the country and worked wonders in almost every diocese by their earnest and effective retreats and missions. The founder of the English Province was a Father de Herd, who came over to England in 1838, and five years later made the first foundation at Falmouth. Another five years elapsed, and the Redemptorist House at Clapham was founded, having been happily bought out of the hands of Lord Teignmouth and the Clapham Evangelists, a body once famous in the English religious world, but now, we fear, forgotten, their mantle having fallen on Messrs. Moody and Sankey and the Salvation Army. But at least they did one service to religion by providing a suitable residence for their worthier successors. Father de Herd, who conferred on England the good work of bringing into this country the children of St. Alphonsus, owed his vocation to the holy man whose biography has just appeared in English, Father Clement Hofbauer, who had been his confessor when he was a student at the University of Vienna. Thus England indirectly owes a debt of gratitude to Father Clement, and not England alone, for the same disciple of his, Father de Herd, first erected the American into a separate Province, it having previously been dependent on Belgium. Thus the work of God's great servants is not limited to the good they do immediately by their own labours: it spreads and widens, and a single soul won by a Saint to God and to religion may, in his

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Father Clement Hofbauer, C.S.S.R.* By Father Michael Haringer, C.S.S.R. Translated by Lady Herbert. New York and Cincinnati: F. Pustet.

turn, do incalculable good and win innumerable souls, and it may be that a great share of the merit appertains to him who was the means of converting the active labourer and launching him on his mission of love. Thus St. Ignatius shared the merits of St. Francis Xavier, and St. Ambrose of St. Augustine—this “solidarity” among the saints not diminishing the reward of any, while it provides for all the happiness of seeing *semen longævum*—a posterity which extends to many generations as the fruit of their apostolic labours and earnest prayer.

Father Clement Hofbauer was born in 1751, in Moravia, on the borders of the Austrian Empire. Like most saintly men, he had a good mother, who dedicated him to God even before his birth, and trained him with a prudence and wisdom which every mother would do well to imitate. Instead of nursing self-conceit by fostering in the boy a self-conscious piety and precocious devotion, she set herself to break his will even in his practices of piety, and he did not dare to indulge his pious desire of fasting on Saturdays in honour of our Lady without his mother's express permission. Brought up to the trade of a baker, he made his way in spite of difficulties to that vocation to which God was calling him, though he knew it not. The one idea of his life was to be a priest, and with that object he made his way with his friend Thaddeus Hübl, who was animated with the same desire, on foot to Rome. He had to wait there long before God's will was made known to him.

When they got to Rome they took a lodging near the Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore and determined to go there on the ringing of the first bell in the morning. At dawn of day however, the first sound came from another little church near and they hastened in there to pour out their hearts before God in thankfulness for their safety and in earnest prayer for guidance as to their future path. In the church, was a religious community absorbed in meditation. Their great recollection and the expression of happiness and peace in their faces struck Clement at once and filled him with love and veneration towards them. Coming out of the church, he asked a child to what order those Religious belonged? The child replied: “They are Redemptorists: and some day you will be one of them!”—These words astonished Clement, who felt as if our Lord had spoken by the mouth of a child to make known His Divine Will. Without any further hesitation therefore, he knocked at the door of the monastery and asked the Superior the object of his Congregation. Great was his delight when he found out that it was a Congregation of Priests lately founded by Monsignor Liguori, for whose works he had such a veneration: and that the main object of the



Institution was to give missions and to bring back to God the most abandoned souls, and those who were most in need of spiritual aid. The Superior further informed him that they were consecrated to God by three simple vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience; and that they bound themselves by a vow of perseverance to remain in that holy estate until death. But Clement's amazement was at its height, when, at the end of their conversation, the Superior spontaneously offered to admit him into the Congregation—he, a perfect stranger, a foreigner, without any money and thirty-three years of age! He saw in this unexpected solution of his doubts, however, the hand of God, and accepted the offer with the deepest gratitude and humility (pp. 18, 19).

Father Clement's idea, from his first entrance into the Congregation, was to found a House north of the Alps. Most of the Fathers laughed at it as chimerical, but St. Alphonsus, who was then alive, approved and encouraged it. Father Clement saw his wish fulfilled earlier than he had hoped for. Ordained priest in 1785, he was sent to Vienna at the end of that year, and in 1786 founded a House at Warsaw, where he set himself at once to the work of his apostolate. He had the usual instincts of the saints in the works he undertook—an intense zeal for the religious education of the young, a boundless charity to the poor, an eager interest in the diffusion of good and wholesome literature to meet and counteract the infidel and immoral publications that were then flooding France and Germany, and a simple earnest style of preaching which won many souls for God.

Of course Father Clement had to undergo persecutions and contradictions without number. The Redemptorists were far too active in Poland for the devil to let them alone. In 1808 they were cruelly driven out of the city and principality of Warsaw by the Government, amid the lamentations and indignation of the people. In 1816 Father Clement was summoned before the Archbishop of Vienna as a pernicious heretic and promoter of superstitious practices. In his pious labours he frequently met with insult and outrage, but the holy man made capital out of the devil's malice, and by his patience won graces for those who had outraged him.

One day he went into an inn where he found several men gambling. He pleaded for his orphans; some of the players looked up and in answer, insolently spit in his face. The servant of God, without appearing offended at this insult, quietly took out his handkerchief and wiped his face and then said: "That was for me—now do me the favour to give me something else for my poor children." Such self-command and

deep humility confounded the miscreant, who hastened to make amends by giving him a large sum, while he published everywhere the heroic gentleness of F. Clement, who ended by converting him entirely and becoming his confessor (p. 36).

The miracles he performed even during his lifetime were extraordinary, even for a saint. Among other gifts, he had that of multiplying food apparently at his pleasure. Several instances are given in this volume. We will quote only one, as narrated by one of the Ursuline Sisters.

"I was still a Protestant when I was sent one Friday to F. Sabelli, who lived with Father Clement, to give him a message. It was their dinner hour: and F. Clement asked me to stay and join them, which astonished me very much as he never had women to dinner. Moreover, I had just come out of the kitchen and I knew that only enough food had been sent up for two persons, or, at most, three. In consequence of this, I thanked him, but excused myself, saying I could not stay. And I had all the more reason to say so when I looked round and perceived there were already six people sitting down to dinner, and I felt there would not be half enough food for them all. But he would not listen to my excuses, and insisted on my sitting down to the table with the rest. Then F. Sabelli made a sign to me to watch what Father Clement would do. He accordingly, having blessed the food, dispensed equal portions to each of his guests and gave so much to each that they were more than satisfied. In the plate before him were two little fish, which I knew were all that had been sent from the kitchen: he did not divide them, but gave to each person a whole fish. To my utter amazement as I went on looking, I saw him distribute other *maigre* food from dishes which appeared to me entirely empty, and he helped out to each a great deal more than the dishes could possibly hold. There was a bottle of red wine also before F. Clement: he filled every one's glass, and when it came to my turn, I begged him not to give me any, but he said I must have a little. When I looked at the bottle it was more than half full, although he had helped us all: and certainly there was only that one bottle on the table" (pp. 296, 297).

The life of Father Clement gives a picture of a part of the history of the Church of which little is known in England. This adds not a little to its value, though as a biography it is most interesting. The style is varied and attractive, and when we say that Lady Herbert is the translator, it is needless to add that it loses nothing of its ease and gracefulness in the translation.

3.—A TEN DAYS' RETREAT TO NUNS.<sup>1</sup>

A Carmelite nun is no doubt a better judge of the kind of retreat adapted to the spiritual wants of herself and her sisters in religion than a mere outsider, even if the latter can speak upon the subject from personal experience acquired by both making, for the good of his own soul, and by giving, for the benefit of others, this kind of exercise. It would, therefore, perhaps be thought presumptuous to criticize a book which has been published at the special request of those to whom the lessons it is intended to convey were imparted *os ad os*. To those who had the pleasure of listening to Père Lescœur, his little book can scarcely fail to be both interesting and useful, because it will recall thoughts inspired and resolutions taken at a time of special grace. Besides, it breathes a tone of deep piety and shows a solidity of ascetical learning in the author which must command the respect and approval of all. As a book of spiritual reading, full of excellent and instructive matter, it is admirably adapted to all readers, lay as well as religious; but it does not read exactly like a retreat. A retreat, commonly so called and understood, is a collection of exercises to help the soul, at a time of special retirement from all external employments, to take stock of its spiritual affairs and, by meditation and self-examination to set its house in order, amend what is amiss, and brace itself up to renewed energy in the love and service of God. This is a work lying entirely between the soul and God. It cannot be done by merely listening to the preacher, who is at best only a finger-post to point the way. Indeed, he may be, so far as the success of a retreat goes, all finger-post, never himself taking the road he shows to others; nay, he must, from the nature of the case, often fall short in holiness of the chosen souls he is appointed to guide. But he is not on that account an inefficient guide. He runs much greater danger of spoiling his work by doing too much than by doing too little. The retreat under notice, like many another, seems to us to err precisely in this way. There is in it too much of set preaching throughout. Of sermons, and that cross between a sermon and an instruction for which we have no exact English equivalent—the *Conférence*, there

<sup>1</sup> *Une Retraite au Carmel. Exercices de Dix Jours pour des Religieuses.* Par le R. Père L. Lescœur, Prêtre de l'Oratoire. Paris: H. Oudin et Cie, Libraires-Éditeurs, 51, Rue Bonaparte, 51. 1883.

is enough and to spare; but of meditation, properly so-called, the reader will find little or no trace.

The retreat, as its title shows, is of ten days' duration, and each day has apportioned to it two sermons and one conference, or, as we should perhaps call it, instruction. The matter and substance of these discourses are, as has been said, excellent; but the speaker never unbends: he is too rhetorical, and gives us fine periods rather than suggestive hints. Each of the sermons starts off with a text, and in many cases solemnly announces the division of the subject. This surely is labour thrown away—so at least it will appear to plain English minds—in addressing a number of staid and saintly ladies, just dimly visible behind their grille.

But there is another and more serious drawback to this particular collection of spiritual exercises. A manual of meditations intended, we are told, for religious women generally, it is, so far as we have been able to discover, wanting in any regular plan or method. Now things spiritual and eternal admit, no less than things temporal and material, of a business-like handling. The old Duke of Wellington once drily remarked, *à propos* of some excessively classical music he was treated to, that for his part he liked a tune with his music. In the same way religious, we take it, have rarely any very insuperable objection to a little method with their spirituality. But in this retreat there is none which is apparent to ordinary minds. After a few discourses on such fundamental truths as the End of Man, Sin, Death, and Hell, the subjects are all jumbled up in a most incomprehensible manner. After Hell come the subjects of Grace, Spiritual Warfare, Brotherly Love, the Cross, Little or Lesser Virtues, Prayer, Religious Life, Humility, St. John of the Cross, Love of Holy Mother Church, &c. All these topics form excellent matter for addresses to religious communities on special occasions, but they can scarcely be said to make up what is commonly understood by the exercises of a retreat. We also miss any conference or meditation on our Lord's life. With the exception of a sermon or two on the Blessed Sacrament and the Sacred Heart, there is no meditation directly bearing on the life of Him Who is, after all, the great model of all Christian and religious souls. It is the thought of His Life and Death which converts the sinner from bad to good, and the just from good to better, because to know Him is to have life eternal. The complete absence from these pages of any such meditation

is all the more inexplicable in a retreat given to contemplatives like the religious of Mount Carmel, and would lead one to the opinion that this sort of retreat is in reality no better suited to their special wants than to those of religious who, uniting the active to the contemplative life, are glad once a year to come and refresh their spirit at the feet of Him Who is the way and the life and the strength of both.

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#### 4.—SOCIAL PROBLEMS.<sup>1</sup>

This is a book which we are sorry to see disseminated among the working classes of England and America, but large portions of which we should be glad that every educated Catholic should read. It is calculated on the one hand to arouse the discontent of the working man without suggesting any reasonable aim to be followed out. On the other, its perusal cannot but bring forcibly home to the minds of persons in easy circumstances certain facts concerning the lot of the poor, and certain tendencies of modern society, which it is well that they should not forget, and of which it is only too easy to lose sight.

Of the panacea by which Mr. George proposes to heal the sores of society we have said perhaps more than enough elsewhere, nor, as he vehemently inveighs against half measures, need we discuss here any mitigated form of the remedy which might be suggested. It may be observed however that his proposal now clothes itself in the more specious phrase "to throw taxation exclusively on land," and further that Mr. George, in this volume, generously provides valuable materials for his own confutation, since he shows that large accumulations of various forms of capital, as well as vast estates, give to their possessors these advantages, as against poorer competitors in the scramble for wealth, which he regards as the fundamental evil that calls for redress. Mr. George does not plead for absolute equality—but for possession in proportion to deserts, whether the deserts be those of the actual possessor or of another from whom he has lawfully derived his claim. The idea is plausible, and is even capable of a rational statement and development; but serious argument on this subject would be out of place with a man who writes, "Between normal men the difference of a sixth or seventh is a great difference in height. . . . and I doubt

<sup>1</sup> *Social Problems.* By Henry George. Kegan Paul and Co.

if any good observer will say that the mental differences of men are greater than the physical differences."<sup>2</sup> The first chapter of *Social Problems*—which deals with development, physical and social—makes it clear that Mr. George should know better than to say that. On the tendency of wealth to become concentrated in comparatively few hands, or as Mr. Chamberlain would say "to run into pockets," Mr. George is eloquent and suggestive. A writer in the *Quarterly Review* for January on the "Statistics of Agitation" has indeed shown by irrefragable figures that this tendency has not, in this country, realised itself during the past ten years. But this is a very different thing from proving its non-existence. The tide may be running strongly though the ship is yet making headway. Probably, however, the tendency is not so much to the elimination of medium incomes (which in England at any rate are increasing much more rapidly than gigantic fortunes), as to the elimination of medium independent businesses. The big firms are eating up the little firms, at any rate in some places and in some trades; but then the big firms have a whole army of *employés*, and numbers of these must always be men of moderate income. It may be that in some cases political corruption and commercial dishonesty have accelerated the growth of colossal fortunes, none the less is it true that colossal fortunes are a necessary outcome of free competition in combination with material progress. And as we are unwilling to believe that what is inevitable can be necessarily an evil, we are far from thinking that Mr. George has said the last word on industrial concentration. Doubtless if kingly fortunes are used to buy political influence, if wealthy parvenus play the part of unscrupulous "Bosses," if they devote themselves, through their dependents, to the occupation of lobbying bills, and "voting hands" and the rest, matters bid fair to come to a very sad pass. But this is only another way of saying that if corruption prevails corruption is prevalent, which is tautology, and that great wealth gives great power for good or for evil, which is a platitude. For our own part we incline to the hope that the corruption has arisen chiefly in the fierce struggle for front places in the great race for riches which, as we gather from Mr. George is rather slackening than increasing in intensity, in consequence of the growing inaccessibility of the said front places. The days when penniless emigrants to the American

<sup>2</sup> Chapter vi.



seaboard could become millionaires are gone never to return, and the vast fortunes which have already been accumulated tend to the fixing of an aristocracy of wealth. So says the author of *Social Problems*. May it not be hoped that this fixity and stability will "make for righteousness," and that as great landlords in town or country are more commonly liberal than the owners of small patches, so too it may be with the aristocracy of industry.

In conclusion we would venture to enter a protest against a form of reply to Mr. George which proceeds upon the assumption expressed or implied that "there is plenty of land out West," and that therefore landlords cannot possess the powers ascribed to them in *Social Problems*. It is one of Mr. George's main arguments that this state of things is fast coming to an end; already, he says, more acres of Government land in Texas have been sold than Texas contains, and as soon as all the land in the United States is appropriated and "fenced in," the economic forces which he so much dreads will come into full and unrestricted play. How far his fears are economically justified we cannot here discuss, but we are sure that the remedy lies less in schemes of legislation than in the spontaneous carrying out of Christian principles, by a people which calls itself Christian, in the personal use of their riches.

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#### 5.—WHO CAN HE BE?<sup>1</sup>

It is an unfortunate tendency of writers of fiction in the present day, that when they find themselves in possession of a good plot, they forthwith set themselves with persevering industry to beat out the fragment of gold in order to make it cover as large a surface as possible. Consequently, the three volume novels which issue from the press are too often tedious and long-winded, and the reader learns to run his eye rapidly over the pages, to glean out the incidents of the story, sparsely scattered amid a mass of what, in a vast number of cases, is little more than pointless dialogue and wearisome discussion.

From such lengthy works of fiction it is quite a relief to turn to the story before us, the plot of which is cleverly conceived and ably worked out, the whole being contained within the

<sup>1</sup> *Who can he be?* By M. Nethercott. Glasgow and London: Cameron and Ferguson.

compass of a single, and that not a large volume, full of stirring incident, and good descriptions both of scenery and character.

The scene is laid in Ireland, but it cannot be called an Irish story, for all the chief actors are of English birth and parentage, in making whose acquaintance we are invited to enter the comfortable home of a Protestant rector, a worthy man, most orthodox and conventional in his ideas, whose religion was of the usual hum-drum order, neither intellectual, emotional, or practical—exceedingly unattractive as far as it goes; at any rate it is not put forward in the course of this narrative. But the parson and his family play but a subordinate part, the chief actors in the drama may be said to be Morton and Rosalie L'Estrange, two orphans confided to his guardianship by a friend who died many years previous to the time when the story opens. It would be unfair to the reader of this exceptionally interesting little book to reveal its plot, the mystery of which he is scarcely allowed to suspect, much less unravel, until the time when it is duly disclosed. The moral it is probably intended to teach is that pride precedes a fall, and that bitter disappointment and supposed degradation drive to despair a sensitive nature ignorant of the support and consolations of true religion. This is however rather shown implicitly than stated explicitly. Suffice it to say that Morton is not Rosalie's brother, the son of a cultivated gentleman, the proud descendant of a long line of ancestry, but sprung from the lowly peasantry, for whom he has always proclaimed his haughty contempt. On the discovery of this painful fact, he rushes from his home in a wild frenzy of irritation, and betakes himself to the town where his friend and former companion Maynard is sitting alone in the apartments they occupied together in their student days. Suddenly there was a loud imperious knock at the street-door, followed by rapid steps on the stairs, and Morton entered, pale, wild-looking, with disordered dress, soaked with rain.

"What has happened?" said Maynard; "something is wrong."

"Everything is wrong, everything that concerns me. I have been made the victim of as base and shameful a deception as was ever conceived. All my life, from the beginning till now, has been one lie!"

Then rapidly, in bitter, passionate language, he related the story of his birth.

"And now they had all turned against him," he concluded, "... "I shall never look on their faces again. I have decided on the course I shall adopt. I will go to America, and enter the American army. My father was a private soldier; I will be one too."

"This is folly," said Maynard. . . . "After all, this strange revelation affects you only in theory. You are the same person in reality as you ever were, and there is nothing disgraceful about your birth. Your father was as brave and honourable a man as Colonel l'Estrange. I assure you that, were I in your place, this news would inflict no more than a moment's pang."

Such comfort was, however, too premature. It would have been hard indeed to hit on anything to say that would have soothed Morton in his present mood, determined as he evidently was to quarrel with all his friends and reject with scorn everything in the shape of consolation.

"I see that you have no sympathy with me," he exclaimed, starting up. "But why should I expect it? You, too, have changed; I see it in your eye, and hear it in the cold, measured tones of your voice. Already you speak to me as to an inferior. I asked for no advice, and you have no right to offer it me. But there is one that nothing can change towards me. Florence will be true. She at least loves me. I will go to her: She will share my fortunes" (p. 191).

Determined to test the constancy of his betrothed, he hurried to her dwelling after a night of feverish unrest, and though refused admittance by the servant, forces his way into her presence, and urges her with passionate entreaty, which almost amounts to command, not to desert him. Soon her mother enters, and inquires the reason of his intrusion.

"I have come," said Morton, not looking towards her, "to claim the fulfilment of Florence's engagement, to ask her to come with me where I go. I will not be robbed of her, of the only one who loves me."

"Fulfil her engagement with you!" repeated Mrs. Hamilton; "surely you cannot think such a thing possible now. Are you aware that we know everything? I had a letter this morning, informing me of the whole affair, and if you had the feelings of a gentleman—but of course that is not to be expected—you would not have inflicted this scene upon us, and frightened my daughter by your unreasonable violence, as I see you have done. Your conduct, I must say, is not merely ungentlemanly, but unmanly. However, the only thing you can do now is to retire as quietly as possible."

She approached the bell.

Morton had risen, and stood facing her. Every word she had uttered wounded him like so many bayonet pricks. This was the first real change, in spite of all his fancies, that the difference in his position had brought upon him.

"I will not go until Florence tells me," he said resolutely. . . . "She loves me, and will not forsake me." . . .

Looking away, Florence said at last, "It must be as my mother

says. Go! It is impossible that we can ever be anything to each other."

For an instant Morton stood still, as if turned to stone. All the colour faded from his face, leaving it ashy white, even to his lips. Then darting on her one look, full of contempt, reproach, and unutterable anguish, he turned, and hurried from the room without a word (p. 201).

The subsequent fate of Morton we leave the reader to discover for himself. The character of his friend Maynard, which strikes us as being the most natural and attractive in the book, is instructive as an example of how one mistake in early life may blight a promising career, and bring to an untimely and unhappy end a man whose brilliant talents and pleasing qualities would have ensured for him success, and won for him admiration and affection in whatever sphere of society his lot might happen to be cast.

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NOTE.

In the first article of the March number of *THE MONTH* it was stated that a little volume of poems by Miss Adelaide Procter, entitled *A Chaplet of Verses*,<sup>1</sup> the frontispiece of which was drawn by Mr. Richard Doyle, was out of print, and a hope was expressed that it might be reprinted. We have since learned that this statement is incorrect. The book has been stereotyped, and with its touching frontispiece is still on sale at Messrs. Longmans. We are the more anxious to recommend it to our readers, as the profits of the sale are devoted to the Providence Row Night Refuge, which provides for homeless women and children a means of escaping from the miseries, perils, and temptations of the London streets.

<sup>1</sup> *A Chaplet of Verses*. By Adelaide A. Procter. With an Illustration by Richard Doyle. London: Longmans and Co. Price 5s.

## *Literary Record.*

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### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

FATHER EARNSHAW'S little book, *The Catholic Church and Civil Governments*,<sup>1</sup> is a most acceptable reprint of his contributions to *Catholic Progress* on this to Catholics most important and interesting subject. St. Augustine affirms that the measure of a man's love for the Church of Christ is the exact measure of the graces he will receive from the Holy Ghost, and in these days more than ever that love to be real should be intelligent, and able to give a good account of the faith that is in us. Now of all the questions affecting our religious belief as Catholics none are more prominent at the present moment than those affecting the relations of Church and State. In every country of Europe, England perhaps alone excepted, the attitude of the civil power to the Catholic Church is one of studied and systematic hostility. In each and all of them the State is encroaching upon the rights of the Church, as cunningly and as steadily as the colossal power of Russia is slowly but surely creeping up to the territories of our Indian Empire. It is, therefore, a matter of vital interest to be able to defend and explain the action of the Church in her relations with the world on sound principles, and this can be done only by getting correct and clear notions of the true nature and the rights of the Church. Works admirable as those of the late Cardinal Tarquini and Cardinal Hergenröther, or of Mr. Allies, are out of the reach of all but those who have leisure or means to indulge in larger, more learned, and expensive works. The object of Father Earnshaw's compendious and handy little work is to put the subject within the easy reach of all, to bring out the true character of the Church, to explain briefly, but plainly, the principles which guide her in her dealings with the civil power,

<sup>1</sup> *The Catholic Church and Civil Governments; or the Church's Right.* By the Rev. John Earnshaw. R. Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row, London, 1883.

to vindicate her rights, and clear her from the charge of arrogance, high-handedness, and a desire to encroach on territories outside her sphere.

The new volume<sup>2</sup> by the author of the *Divine Sequence* and *The Eternal Years* is intended to set before the Catholic reader Mary's position in creation, and her very close connection with the Mystery of the Incarnation. The treatment is theological rather than devotional, and though a critical theologian might not fully endorse all the opinions expressed, the book clearly and ably vindicates for our Lady the dignity to which she has been raised as Mother of God and first of creatures. The impossibility of rightly grasping the truth of the Incarnation apart from the consideration of Mary's position is well brought out. Beautiful thoughts abound throughout the book, and passages from Holy Scripture are plentifully woven into the text.

Father Vere's story,<sup>3</sup> which, we are told, is intended to illustrate the great Catholic truth that "all things come round to him that will but wait and pray," will form a welcome addition to parochial libraries. Under the cover of a highly romantic, not to say highly sensational tale, Father Vere manages to convey a considerable amount of useful religious instruction of a practical and useful kind. The figure on whom the interest principally centres, is a worthy doctor, prematurely aged and saddened by a mysterious grief, the secret of which is gradually disclosed in the course of the story. This invests him with a halo of romantic interest in the eyes of his lady friends; one of whom in her youthful enthusiasm, offers her life for his conversion, whilst another, a hardened woman of the world, goes so far as to sacrifice her soul in order to gratify the hatred and desire of revenge engendered by the ill-regulated and unrequited affection she has long cherished for him. The character of the exemplary and devoted parish priest, Father Ely, is well drawn. The account of a visit made by May Cumberland and her friend to Lourdes, with the description of that hallowed spot, is singularly attractive. It can hardly be said that all comes right in the end, in the common acceptation of the words, but as far as the doctor is concerned, the curtain falls upon a scene of peaceful happiness; his sorrows and mis-

<sup>2</sup> *The Divine Ideal*. By F. M. Dublin, J. Duffy and Sons.

<sup>3</sup> *For Better, not for Worse*. By Rev. G. Langton George Vere. London: Washbourne, 18, Paternoster Row, 1882.



fortunes having been the means of leading him to the Church, and thus proving that they were indeed "for better, not for worse."

Were it not that truth is oftentimes stranger than fiction, one would be inclined to imagine that the authoress had drawn upon a fertile fancy rather than upon plain and sober reality for the facts related in the story of *Ethelreda*.<sup>4</sup> The touching little tale, presented to us in so brief and concise a form, and addressed to the young, will rouse the interest of persons of all ages. It dates several centuries back, from times when faith in the supernatural and the realization of an unseen world was far stronger and more vivid. Not, however, in times past or in the present is it often given to a maiden to be loved by one so generous and unselfish as the pure-minded Kenneth, nor to merit the signal favour of being delivered by a sweet and happy death from the miserable fate ordained for her by a cruel and arbitrary father as was the case with fair Ethelreda.

The month of March contains the festivals of two of the most wonderful of the Saints, St. Joseph and St. Patrick. Two little books, one a volume of some 450 pages,<sup>5</sup> the other a small pamphlet,<sup>6</sup> have been published by two Irish clergymen during the present month, to stir up devotion to St. Joseph and St. Patrick respectively. Archdeacon Kinane has written a very complete account of the life and glories of our Lord's holy foster-father. He argues with great probability that St. Joseph enjoyed the privileges of being purified from sin in his Mother's womb and of being confirmed in grace, and dwells in language full of touching simplicity on his heroic virtues and many gifts of grace and glory. He adds a series of meditations on the Saint, based on texts from Holy Scripture, for the month of March, with other devotions in his honour. His work has the additional recommendation of a Preface from Archbishop Croke. We are sorry that the *Novena in honour of St. Patrick* comes too late for his feast, but it is suited for any time of the year. It is intended specially for Irishmen, but we hope that those of other nations may be allowed to avail themselves of the beautiful prayers and reflections it contains, in order to do

<sup>4</sup> *Ethelreda, a True Story for the Young*. By Betty. London: Washbourne, 1884.

<sup>5</sup> *St. Joseph, his Life, his Virtues, his Privileges, his Power*. By Very Rev. Archdeacon Kinane, P.P. Dublin: Gill and Son.

<sup>6</sup> *Novena to St. Patrick* (for Irishmen). By Rev. A. Ryan, St. Patrick's College, Thurles. Thurles: E. Shanahan. Dublin: Gill and Son.

honour to the Saint whom all must reverence not only for his unexampled personal holiness, but on account of the record which he has left of his power with God in the undying faith of the country which he evangelized.

The *Report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul*<sup>7</sup> is a record of unobtrusive, practical, and valuable work among the poor of London and other large towns. We hope that many may read it, and that those who have time or money at their disposal may be moved by the record of its various good works to exert a little more of that charity which is sorely needed to meet the influences for ill which are perverting our youth. How many young Catholics in London could do much for the Society who now do nothing! How much happier they would be, how many graces they might earn if they would devote to this good work some few of those hours which now hang heavy on their idle hands. Men are needed even more than money, and we regret to see so good a work as the Drury Lane Boys' Club given up for lack of those who will occasionally give an evening to look after it. In provincial towns there seems more activity than in London, but everywhere more workers are needed.

A very useful little Vesper-book<sup>8</sup> has been published for those who are not familiar with Catholic services. It contains not only the ordinary Psalms for Sundays and for the various feasts, as well as for the Common of Apostles, Martyrs, Confessors, &c., but also a collection of the hymns most often sung in Catholic Churches, and the order of the Benediction service. No better book could be put into the hands of Protestants, or of Catholics unused to Vespers.

A new and cheap edition of *Vespers for the Laity*<sup>9</sup> has been issued by Messrs. Richardson. It is more elaborate than the book we have just mentioned, and enables an educated layman to follow the service from first to last. It gives not merely the Common of the Saints, but all that is special to each, going through the whole year, with directions for every day.

Every one knows how difficult it is to find a good play for girls to act in convent or other schools, and all those who have to get one up will rejoice in the publication of two little dramas

<sup>7</sup> *Report of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul for 1883*. Published at 31, Queen Square, W.C.

<sup>8</sup> *Easy Vesper and Hymn Book*, compiled to enable all to join without difficulty in Vespers, Compline, and Benediction. John Chisholm, London and Edinburgh.

<sup>9</sup> *Vesper Book for the use of the Laity* (Sixpenny edition). Richardson, London and Derby.

admirably suited for the purpose. They have already been acted in a convent in the north of England with great success, and we feel sure that the same success will attend them everywhere. *The Little Gipsy Girl*<sup>10</sup> is founded on a familiar story, and tells its own tale with so much simplicity and ease, that it cannot fail to interest the spectators. The incidents and scenes are touching, natural, and well arranged. A *Comedy of Convocation on Mount Parnassus*<sup>11</sup> is a humorous, and at the same time instructive tableau, in which the Muses, the Graces, Apollo, Mercury, and Diana all take part in merry and skilful dialogue and graceful song. Both plays are easy to act, and require no elaborate scenery.

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## II.—MAGAZINES.

The question whether good or evil predominates in the world—a problem which humanity strives in vain to solve—forms the subject of the opening article in the February number of the *Katholik*. A synopsis is given of the doctrines of Pessimism, which may be traced back to the earliest Indian Vedas, and whose partizans are to be found amongst the philosophers of Greece and the heretics of the first centuries of the Christian era, as well as among mystics and philosophers of more recent times. The reforms made by St. Ambrose in the ritual of the Mass, as well as the liturgical abridgments and alterations ascribed to St. Basil, have already been noticed in the pages of the *Katholik*. The liturgy in use at Jerusalem at the time of St. Cyril is now taken under consideration, the question in debate being whether the original liturgy instituted by St. James has most resemblance to the text of that which now goes by his name, or to that called after St. Clement. Proofs in favour of its similarity with the latter are taken from the catechetical instructions of St. Cyril on the ceremonies and symbolism of the Mass. A short notice is given of the life of active usefulness led by St. Cajetan of Thiena (1480—1547). He was the Founder of an Order of Regulars whose object was to resist the inroads of the Lutheran heresy, and stimulate afresh the fervour of Italians in an age when abuses abounded, and love had grown cold. The

<sup>10</sup> *The Little Gipsy Girl*: A Drama abridged from an old French Story. London, Burns and Oates.

<sup>11</sup> *The Comedy of Convocation on Mount Parnassus*. Burns and Oates.

Brief issued by Benedict the Fourteenth in vindication of Cardinal Noris, some of whose writings, to the great annoyance of the Dominicans, had been placed on the Index by the Grand Inquisitor of Spain, has of late been frequently cited by theological disputants. The prominence thus given to it leads the *Katholik* to give its readers a clear and concise account of the motive and object of this *Apologia*.

That reform is needed in regard to public instruction in Italy is almost universally admitted. The State monopoly of education in a country the Government of which boasts of making liberty—in every department except that of learning—an essential part of its constitution, causes great discontent, and a Commission has for some weeks past been considering a plan of reform in higher studies proposed by one of the Ministers. This will, however, the *Civiltà* states (Nos. 809 and 810), if carried out, do but little to emancipate schools and Universities from the bureaucratic despotism which enthrals both professors and students, prescribing rules and hours, controlling the instruction imparted and the method of imparting it. The Government will be slow to relax the vigilant supervision by which all clerical influence is banished from the *aulas* of study. A second article on the constitution of the Church as a body, treats of the various members which constitute an united whole. These are divided into two classes, the clergy and the laity, the governors and the governed. The different offices of the hierarchy and the duties of the laity are set forth at some length, as well as the relative position of the religious orders, which the modern Liberal singles out for his fiercest attack.

A new series of articles on the philosophy of St. Thomas is commenced, the subject of the first being the conception of created things as existing in the mind of God previous to their creation. The archæological notes give a description of the weights of bronze or lead in use amongst the Greeks and Latins. The "Travels and Adventures in Japan and China," given in the form of a narrative, with which the readers of the *Civiltà* have for so many months past been entertained, is at last concluded, and, we are told, will be replaced by a romance from the pen of a writer of fiction who is already well known as a frequent contributor to the *Civiltà*.

